

# The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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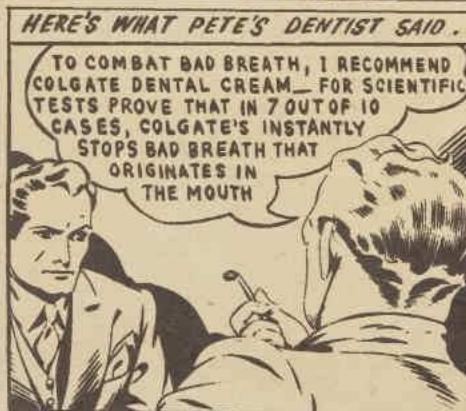
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**MATRON MONICA McMAHON**

Matron-in-charge, 130th A.G.H., Japan

# Very Cool for May!



# Prescription for the DOCTOR

By DOROTHY BLACK

**Y**OUNG Dr. Kennard worked in a large aseptic house run for doctors by doctors. Only patients with very special and complicated diseases came there. It a series of rooms that looked to Hannah like the engine-room of a steamer. Dr. Kennard experimented and did a lot of research, and tried all kinds of new and strange drugs on himself, so it was said.

Probably enough to make a man a little peculiar. Not that he was peculiar to look at. He was extremely handsome. All that Hannah complained about was that he treated his staff as if they were just other things he saw through a microscope.

There were three of them—Miss Loder, Deirdre, and Hannah—in the outer office, all typing away manfully to try to keep pace with the doctor's immense output of letters, lectures, and notes. Miss Loder was in charge, always very ladylike in tweeds. Miss Loder understood the doctor so well that Hannah had

thought, in the beginning, she ought to marry him. But it transpired she was already married. To someone called Tiff. Which may be why she kept on her maiden name in office hours.

Miss Loder had interviewed Hannah. The doctor never attended to such mundane matters.

"Are you at all interested in medical affairs?" she asked.

If it meant holding basins or mopping up after amputations—no, Hannah said definitely. Miss Loder assured her there was nothing like that about the job. "Dr. Kennard works very hard. He perhaps expects a lot of us all, but that is only because he puts so much of himself into his profession. You must never be ill. He cannot tolerate ill-health. At first he may seem a little inhuman, perhaps."

Hannah looked him up in "Who's Who" when she got home. Alec Alistair Kennard was the only son of Admiral and Lady Kennard, of Wyfield Park.

He was, indeed, a very distinguished surgeon, and one who had already hacked bits off celebrities in all the most expensive nursing homes.

Deirdre was the office beauty. Her hair was red-gold, her complexion



"He's always poisoning himself," Lady Kennard told Hannah calmly, as the butler helped her son into the house.

Edward James Green - '46



peaches and cream,  
her eyes forget-me-not blue, her lashes  
sweeping and dark  
She was almost too  
chocolate - box - lid,  
thought Hannah.

Deirdre soon let it be known confidentially that Dr. Kennard was deeply smitten. That it was just a matter of time. Of course in office hours he never let it be known. Medical etiquette, said Deirdre, tossing her red-gold mane. "Funny the way men always fall for me," said Deirdre complacently. Hannah said "Oh, do you think so?"

The doctor's room was empty and aseptic. No photographs suggesting human emotions stilled his desk—not even a mother, Hannah noticed.

Fourteen weeks she had been on his staff, but as yet he did not appear to have seen her. On the contrary, he sometimes said good morning to Deirdre, but whether that was because what Deirdre said was true, or because his desk was directly in his line of entrance, who knows?

Sometimes the office rocked with the doctor's rages. Miss Loder merely said, "Take no notice. You'll get used to it, dear. It's only his way of letting off steam. He is always like this after a difficult operation."

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# THE GOLDEN CONQUEROR

**N**EAR the end of the line in Vermont the train stopped frequently, and still she did not get off. The young, quite calm-looking man three seats behind her gave a restless, almost impatient toss to his head.

As the train slowed again he sat looking down at his hands, clamped between grey tweed knees, and felt the cold sweat springing out between them. They were the large-boned hands that look forlorn for being white and weakened.

When the train stopped his glance stole back to her. Make her get off, make her get off this time!

In this same unreasoning way he had prayed, face down, on the Italian hill . . . Let it end, let it end!

Now, for him at least, it was ended, but he was still unbroken, frantic over the slightest thing. He had never seen this woman before. She did not get off. Her chin still rested in her hand, and the gay little red-rose hat in some miraculous way maintained its balance.

As the train moved on he tried, for the hundredth time since they had left Grand Central, to explain this latest obsession. Had he grown so used to women in uniform that he couldn't take just one ridiculous hat? Or was it the way the tanned neck tapered to the dark brown hair, or the cheek with the faint hollow under its bone?

It was none of these, and he knew it. It was the set of those too-slight shoulders. Somehow they showed courage. They threatened the coward in him.

His long, rather thoughtful face twisted with sudden pain, and he turned his head aside as if from his own image. A casualty mustered without a scar. "Nervous Instability" were the words. They were burned into him. Yet, he might have come through all right. He might have.

Once, even two weeks in a foxhole had been all right, because that other grimy occupant was Doug.

"You'd look swell in a night club about now," Doug would say, and

laugh. Doug always laughed. War was his meat.

That day in Italy they lay feet to head on the hill with some others. Doug was in front. They kept flat, and things were flying all round them. John shifted, oh, not an inch, but Doug's head went up. "Watch it, John," he rapped out, and that was all. An hour later, when they began to crawl on again, Doug didn't move. John butted his foot with his helmet, but Doug lay there. He slipped full length beside him; with both hands he turned Doug over.

He squirmed on the green plush seat and stared out the window.

In New York the doctor had said, "You'll have to learn to believe all over again. That's the biggest thing. After that, the rest will take care of itself." John's papers lay on the desk and the doctor folded them. "There's a quiet little college up in Vermont where they have a two weeks' English course in August."

He said dully, "I don't want a course. I taught English for three years. It isn't credits I need."

"They don't give credits. Go up there and talk about the things that mattered before. If you want to, finish your book on Emerson."

"Emerson!"

"Yes, he's still around." The doctor smiled and stood up. "He's pretty apt to be around when all this is forgotten."

John Harden got to his feet. He held out a hand that was steady for a moment. "All right, sir, I'll make a grab for it."

So here he was, shoved off on this venture with the experimental gesture of someone launching a toy boat in the park. In the bag at his feet was the half-written book, and over-head in the rack his typewriter rooted, but there was nothing in him to pull them together.

The conductor opened the door and called, "Bradford . . . Bradford."

With the familiar hollow pounding in his heart, John sprang up and caught his things together. With

By  
SARAH  
LITSEY



He pushed on, feeling weakness sweep over him with the burden of her weight.

lack of will, looked, too; and he felt like someone drowning.

She was talking to Dr. Carver, the president, talking brightly and fast, her dark eyes holding on to his venerable face. Even without the hat he would have known her. He thought of those seven hours on the train. In the crowded day coach they were two who had lost something forever. But she was going on and he had stopped.

After the evening lecture he walked back alone from the auditorium. It was a brilliant night. He stopped on the flagged walk and lit a cigarette. Dr. Carver and the dean strolled up and joined him. The old man viewed the sky like a genteel proprietor.

"Got a fine show for you to-night, my boy. Unusual."

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## Which sleeve next?



As fashion comes into its own again, will designers revive the tiny puff sleeve of 1818? Or the wide-wristed style of 1857?



Perhaps they will return to the exaggerated leg-o-mutton, or hark back to 1928, when sleeves disappeared altogether!

They may do none of these things. Fashion reflects the ideals and behaviour of its era and designers are responsive to progress in fabric creation. Already in the shops there are such lovely Tootal fabrics as the colour-woven rayon named LOMBIA. They're washable, soft-draping, sun-defying and branded

Tebilized for tested crease-resistance, forerunners of even more exciting things to come.

And who knows what the marriage of new thought and new fabrics may produce? Perhaps such fashions as the world has never seen!



**TOOTAL** fabrics

REGD  
MADE IN ENGLAND BY TOOTAL BROADHURST LTD. LTD. MANCHESTER, 1



**Snug-I-down**  
Product of Australia Silver Ltd.  
Sydney - Melbourne - Brisbane  
Perth - Adelaide

One of the styles in nighties and  
suits—with pretty Peter Pan  
collar and pleated front.

# Days and Nights

By...  
KONSTANTINE SIMONOV

**CAPTAIN SABUROV**, young veteran of the Russian war, daringly recaptures three apartment houses in besieged Stalingrad on the order of **COLONEL PROTSENKO**.

He establishes communications with **LIEUTENANT - COLONEL SABCHENKO** after setting up temporary headquarters assisted by **MASLENNIKOV**, his chief of staff.

**ANYA**, a nurse whom Saburov meets crossing the Volga, is attending the wounded on this sector, and visits headquarters during a period of intense fighting. Seeing that she is exhausted, Saburov tells his orderly, **PETYA**, to prepare her a meal, then leaves her to sleep while he gives a report to his Commissar, **VANIN**.

Afterwards, he learns that Anya has gone out in the thick of the action to rescue a wounded man. He hurries after her, only to find that stretcher-bearers led by an old soldier, **KONYUKOV**, are bringing her in, wounded herself.

Saburov kisses her, surprising himself, then in an unaccustomed turn of emotion he watches the stretcher-bearers carry her away.

Now READ ON—

**A** PERIOD of relative quiet set in on the sector occupied by Protzenko's division. This might have seemed a well-earned rest if Saburov had not realised that the silence did not mean at all that the Germans had grown tired or given up their attacks.

It simply meant, he knew, that they were now concentrating their strength to the south of his sector and trying to break a path for themselves to the Volga—trying to cut Stalingrad in two.

Day and night, from the south, the crash of artillery carried to them, but here it was quiet; that is, quiet in the Stalingrad sense of the word. From time to time the Germans bombed them. Five or six times a day they dropped a curtain of artillery and mortar fire on the buildings occupied by Saburov.

Sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, handfuls of riflemen tried to edge their way a little forward and to take back some piece of the ruins. But these were feints rather than real fighting. The Germans did only what was necessary to make it impossible to move a single man from here to help out on the sectors to the south.

During these days the battalion settled down to that special life in the model of siege which astonishes new people coming to Stalingrad by its stability, its calm, and sometimes its humor.

The Germans had finally succeeded, after three days of shooting, in destroying the room in which Saburov had earlier set up his quarters. Fortunately, they had only slightly wounded one telephone operator in doing so. Now Saburov had moved to the basement, into what had been the furnace-room.

Without exception, the entire battalion had now moved underground and, as a result, life became neater and more orderly.

In the dugout where the dispatch riders were lodged and where the mail was sorted, someone hung a real post-box on a pillar. It had been stuck up from the ruins outside the building. It had everything it should have had; there was the usual inscription "Post-box" and the post office number, and even a slot which opened and closed.

Saburov said jokingly one morn-

ing that the only thing missing was the sign "General Post Office," and this idea apparently pleased the dispatch riders. By evening they had fixed up a little board over the box on which was written in black paint: "General Post Office—Incoming and Outgoing Mail."

One of the soldiers who had been a well-known watchmaker in Odessa before the war fixed up a workroom just like a civilian watch repair shop in his dugout, setting a piece of broken mirror glass in the earthen wall in place of a window.

After the joke with the post office, which pleased the whole battalion, Saburov spelled out neatly on this glass in the same black paint: "Watch Repair Shop—the Exact Time." This was not especially clever, but under trench conditions it rated as a good joke.

For two days Petya was absorbed in the construction of a kind of bath. With the help of the engineers, he built a special dugout. He made a ceiling for it out of several broken doors, constructed out of bricks a flagging of hot stones on which water is thrown in a Russian bath to make steam, and sunk a barrel into the ground for water.

It was pretty smoky in the bath, and dirty, but nowhere had anyone ever bathed with such satisfaction as here. Even Babchenko, who did not usually bathe, came here to do so. When he walked out, he said he would bring the commander of the division next time, and he did not forget to add that everything should be in order when the boss came.

Aunt Masha—this was what they called the woman whom Saburov had found at the beginning of their stay in the cellar next to his building—became cook for the battalion. She had made up her mind that the battalion would be here forever and that no one would throw her out.

The morose despair which Saburov had first noticed in her disappeared, and she turned out to be a simple, good-hearted woman. With the almost lightminded temerity which was the salvation of many Russian people in days of danger, she even gave up talking about how one bomb could kill her and her three children all at once.

Now she did not believe the bomb had yet been made which could fall on her or her children.

The chief military operations now took place at night. Little groups of hunters were organised to crawl across the German line trying to catch a "tongue," as they called a prisoner who could be made to talk, or simply to raise a routine night disturbance for the Germans.

Two nights in a row, Maslenikov took part in these expeditions. He was still in a hurry to distinguish himself, and he argued that he was obliged to engage in these forays himself—he had to do something when three kilometres to the south his comrades were dying. Saburov knew this feeling, too, but at the same time he foresaw that their time would come, so he held Maslenikov back.

When Maslenikov went on a night raid for the second time, Saburov did not feel he had the right to forbid it, but he quietly called Konyukov and instructed him not to leave Maslenikov and to take care of him.

Konyukov eagerly agreed to go; about Maslenikov he only said: "Don't worry, Comrade Captain, everything will turn out fine."

Konyukov loved working at night. Talking with his comrades, he would express real regret that the Germans had almost given up stringing barbed wire. Once upon a time, he



"Who wants the Chief of Staff?" Saburov heard a voice say behind him.

told them, in the other war, you could creep out and cut it, quietly and quickly, to your heart's content. He had been a specialist at it, and he was bitterly disappointed that he could not show his skill.

On the day following his second night raid, when Maslenikov was still sleeping, Saburov picked up his overcoat and noticed that it was full of holes from shell fragments. During the night a mortar shell had exploded right next to him, and Maslenikov had been saved only by a miracle.

**T**HAT night, when Maslenikov was getting ready to ask permission to go raiding again, Saburov guessed what he was going to ask from the expression on his face, and said: "To-night your work, Comrade Lieutenant, is cut out for the entire night."

"Yes?" Maslenikov said happily. "Yes. You've got your coat to mend."

"My coat?"

"Yes, your coat, and until every hole in it is neatly mended, you go on no more night raids, mark what I say."

Maslenikov had his own sense of humor, but it deserted him when-

ever he began to think that someone was teasing him about his youth. He might have taken it better had it not been that his older half-brother, his mother's son, was then with a name so popular that Maslenikov did not like to mention it. In the entire battalion he had told only Saburov about his brother, and this in a sudden burst of confidence.

He was ambitious and vain, but his vanity was the kind for which it is hard to criticise people in time of war. He wanted passionately to become a hero. For this he was ready to accept any assignment, even the most dangerous one. Saburov could still understand Maslenikov and not condemn him. He simply tried as far as he could to hold him in check.

Sometimes Maslenikov seemed to him almost his own son, younger than he by nine years of life and one year of war—and that meant more than ten years younger.

"You know, Misha," he said when Maslenikov grew sulky after his joke about the overcoat, "you know, Misha, sometimes when I want to do something too risky I hold myself back by thinking about the war. It's

going to be a long war, and the longer it is the more valuable people are going to be who have fought from the beginning and lived through to its end."

"If I ever command a regiment then you'll be commanding a battalion, and it's important you should live until then. You've got to live until then. How about it, don't you see that?"

"No," Maslenikov said impetuously. "For all the others—yes; for myself—no."

"You don't agree," Saburov smiled. "Well, all right. After all, it's not important whether you agree or not. You've got to do what I say, anything, so get on with your sewing."

Maslenikov took the overcoat on his knees, smiled, and began to study the holes in it.

On the table the telephone rang. Saburov picked up the receiver.

"Saburov?" he heard Babchenko's voice.

"Yes."

"Turn your battalion over to the commissar. The boss has summoned you. Come at once."

Please turn to page 23



THEY'RE

# 'FAMILY FAVOURITES'

says Marjory Carter, "Aerophos" Cookery Expert

Easy-to-bake "Aerophos" Recipes!



#### WHOLEMEAL HONEY PATTIES

2 oxs. butter	2 oxs. self-raising flour containing "Aerophos"
1 ox. sugar	2 oxs. wholemeal flour
1 ox. honey	1/2 teaspoon baking powder containing "Aerophos"
1 egg	Few dates or cherries
1 tablespoon milk	

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten egg and then milk and honey, beat well. Stir in sifted flour and baking powder, mixing lightly but thoroughly. Place a teaspoon of the mixture in greased and warmed patty pans, top with a piece of date or sliced cherry. Cook in moderately hot oven, 375 degrees, for 12 to 15 minutes. May be brushed with honey and sprinkled with nuts while hot.

#### CHEESE AND ONION ROLLS

1/2 lb. self-raising flour containing "Aerophos"	1/2 cup grated cheese
1 teaspoon salt	1 very small finely chopped onion or 1 teaspoon chopped onion
Pinch cayenne pepper	1 egg
1 dessertspoon butter	1/2 cup milk

Sift flour, salt and pepper. Rub in butter, mix in cheese and onion. Add egg and sufficient milk to make a light soft dough. Turn onto a floured board, knead slightly and roll to about 1/3 inch thickness. Cut into rounds, brush with water and fold in two, pressing lightly. Glaze with a little milk and egg and bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees, about 10 minutes. Serve freshly made, with a salad garnish.

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Flour and Baking Powder now contain

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Many brands of self-raising flour and baking powder show the "A & W" Seal on the packet as a guarantee that it contains only "Aerophos" as the raising ingredient.

\*"AEROPHOS" is the registered trade mark of Albright & Wilson (Australia) Pty. Ltd.



# THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

By  
JOAN POWE

Often in the mad scramble with men for seats in the 5.15 bus home, I find my mind harking back to the glorious days of the Suffragette Movement, when woman was a real force to be contended with.

As the burly stockbroker elbows me determinedly out of the way, crushing my ribs against the railing and knocking my new hat over one eye, I think wistfully how a well-placed blow with an umbrella and the magic cry of "Votes For Women" would have

secured me at least a window seat in the glorious '09's and '10's.

But, alas, the intrepid spirit of the amazons of those days seems to have perished.

To those brave creatures, what was a bruised foot, a crumpled hat, a staggering blow to the solar plexus?

Would they have stood by whimpering pitifully while weep surged through the only available space into the bus?

Think again, Petunia Brown, and weep for your lost power.

Fearlessly, exultantly even, the woman of that day flung herself into even greater battles than the Battle for the 5.15 p.m. Bus.

Listen to this extract from "The

Suffragette Movement," by E. Sylvia Pankhurst, on the Battle for Parliament Square, which raged for a full day in the latter part of 1908.

"Cardons of police, five deep, were drawn across all the approaches to the square. Deputation after delegation of women came struggling up to the cordon, only to be hurled back and swept into the crowd."

Last part sounds familiar, doesn't it? But did they slink away and whimper over a few bruises, or mutely wracked about writing letters to the papers? Read on a little.

"They came back to the office in ones and twos, bruised and dishevelled, hatless, with hair dragged down, and clothing torn. Some had their corsets ripped off, false teeth knocked out, faces scratched, eyes swollen, noses bleeding."

"There was a pride among them in who had sustained the most injuries for the cause."

O tempora, O mores! The men, of course, did their best in this unequal struggle.

"They struck at them with fists and umbrellas as they were carried struggling by the police," but they didn't stand a chance against women such as Lady Constance Lytton, who whiled away the time in prison by cutting across her chest in large letters the motto, "Votes For Women."

## Outstanding figures

OR against many other women of the time. Let's take a look at a few of the outstanding figures whose names have come down to us in Mrs. Pankhurst's account.

There was Mary Leigh, a name to make present-day women start thinking.

While Richard Haldane was speaking against the Movement in the Sun Hall, Liverpool, round about 1908, where was Mary Leigh?

Certainly not in the hall muttering a few derogatory comments, or being pushed around by the crowd outside.

Of course not. She was to be found brandishing a hatchet high up amongst the chimney stacks on a neighboring house, ripping off the slates and hurling them clattering on to the roof of the hall, while her friends shouted at Haldane through a microphone.

Then there was Seina Martin, who lightly tossed a ginger-beer bottle into Lord Asquith's car at Liverpool on December 20, 1908.

Another amazon, "a tall, hand-some girl," decided round about 1909 she had been pushed around quite enough by bullies in the crowd, and settled the matter with a dog-whip.

The following day women flocked to the platform to embrace her, one

crying in fervent devotion.

"Let me kiss the hand that used the dog-

whip."

There was none of the present-day, effeminate flocking after film stars when the women of the early twentieth century were around.

One famous group of women, on October 28, 1908, chained themselves to the grille in the Ladies' Gallery in Parliament and said a mouthful about the vote.

Compared with them, the recent attempt of Sydney tram conductors to gain a hearing in the N.S.W. Parliament was most lady-like and well-behaved.

At 4 p.m. on March 1, 1909, well-dressed women in Piccadilly, Regent Street, Trafalgar Square, and districts as far away as Chelsea, suddenly produced large hammers from innocent-looking handbags, and fell to smashing all the shop windows within reach.

I leave you with one more example to ponder over as you timidly ask the butcher if there is any tender steak left, or smile apologetically at the policeman who has warned you against jay-walking, or quail before the eye of the magistrate who has just fined you 10/- for parking.

During the performance of "Jeanne D'Arc," at Covent Garden in December, 1913, four or five suffragettes locked themselves in their opera box, stood up, and calmly addressed the King on the women's vote.

It caused an unprecedented stir. The door was broken down, and the women, of course, dragged off by the police, whereupon hundreds of women in the upper gallery immediately rose to their feet and "rained suffragette literature in a glorious gesture down on to the unsuspecting heads of the audience below."

And now I must go. If I hurry, I may be able to sneak into the bus before the main mob comes.

*Blistered heel?*

STICK ON A

Johnson + Johnson  
**BAND-AID**



## Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat or drink food?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smell, no irritation, no side effects. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promotes free easy breathing, and brings sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

### No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had just 40 lbs. suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco

stopped Asthma spasms first night and has had none since in over two years.

### Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco gives right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under the usual money-back guarantee. You are the judge. If it doesn't work satisfactorily after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

### RELIEVES ASTHMA

**Mendaco**

Now in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-.

Often in the mad scramble with men for seats in the 5.15 bus home, I find my mind harking back to the glorious days of the Suffragette Movement, when woman was a real force to be contended with.

As the burly stockbroker elbows me determinedly out of the way, crushing my ribs against the railing and knocking my new hat over one eye, I think wistfully how a well-placed blow with an umbrella and the magic cry of "Votes For Women" would have

**"I Couldn't believe my own eyes!"**

... when I went over their workshops!

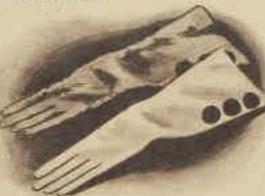


Old worn handbags  
gleam like new!

They take them in all stages of disrepair, some in a terrible state! But when Eastern Arts Repair Depot & Doll Hospital get through with them, every bag has that gleaming look of brand-new leather. They dye them ANY colour, and do ANY repair. It costs so very little.

Gloves Out At Fingers  
Become Paris Models!

When Eastern Arts Repair Depot and Doll Hospital have used special machines repairing them, and then treat the leathers (if the gloves are) with the leather again, a brand-new thrill for some little girl whose new dolls have been few and far between. No dolls beyond repair!



Wrecks of dolls  
smile happily again!

Real artists the Doctors at the Doll Hospital are. Their pride is to take a doll that's seen its day and give it a brand-new life again, a brand-new thrill for some little girl whose new dolls have been few and far between. No dolls beyond repair!

**EASTERN ARTS - REPAIR DEPOT  
AND DOLL HOSPITAL**

Mr. Majesty's Arcade, on  
the Castlereagh St., Level,  
Down Pitt St., next  
to the New Bank.  
Also at Newcastle, at  
4 Pritch St.  
REPAIRS BY MAIL. SEND ARTICLES BY PARCEL POST TO  
6 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY, AND A PRICE QUOTATION WILL BE SENT YOU.

The Australian Women's Weekly—April 27, 1946



RED CAPES and white veils make a colorful picture of this group of Australian Army Nursing Service sisters, who are staffing the 130th Australian General Hospital in Japan, assisted by members of the A.A.M.W.S.

## They'll nurse Australians serving in Japan



BRIGHT COTTON BLOUSES were packed by A.A.M.W.S. Privates Bettye Davidson (left), of Melbourne, and Mary Lambert, of Perth, now in Japan.

CHOSEN from service-women volunteers from all over Australia, 34 A.A.N.S. sisters and 54 A.A.M.W.S. are now serving in Japan attached to the 130th Australian General Hospital, on Eta Jima Island, near Kure.

All have seen at least three years' service, and most of the nurses were formerly at hospitals in the Middle East, Egypt, and the islands.

Special issues of fur-lined coats, gloves, and boots have been made to the girls.



LETTER FROM HOME is read by A.A.N.S. Sister Mary Hayes, of Adelaide, to fellow nurses, Sisters Pat Geraghty, of Cork (left), and Eileen Pegler, of Tasmania.



RELAXING with sewing are Sister B. Bonfield, of Naremburn, N.S.W. (left), and Major E. Abrahams, of Melbourne, pathologist attached to the A.A.M.C., who are with nurses in Japan.

# Living in a paper house in Hiro . . .

Our correspondent shares billet near Kure with British girls

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Our special correspondent in Japan

This is the kind of story it's hard to get time to write. Bits of it get into print, bits of it go in personal letters, and flashes remain in the mind. The rest, if you stay long enough in a foreign country, might become commonplace.

So before I get as accustomed to my day's routine as I am to rushing after the trolley bus in Darlinghurst Road, I'll get it on paper.

RIGHT now I'm typing in the Press room at BCOF base. From the floor below, where Army Education has a reading room and shelves full of books ranging from H. V. Morton to James Cain's "For Men Only" and "Commonsense in Home Decoration," strains of Bach and Handel float up from a gramophone.

If they liked they could put on the "Mikado" (which they have). Gilbert's Three Little Maids from School, with their fans, kimonos, and giggles, are as near a companion as I can get to the little Japs who do the work round our house.

Our house at Hiro, five miles out of Kure, is a paper and wood dwelling, indistinguishable from dozens of others in a street lined with now-without Lombardy poplars.

I share it with two girls, an Australian Y.W.C.A. worker and a British Ensa (Entertainment National Service Association) secretary.

I want to find it at night after leaving the Y.W.C.A. mess with its striped cottage-weave furnishings and packing-case fire, I step through mud puddles or dust, and flash a torch on to chalked-up numbers on our wooden fences.

My room has mats on the floor, a camp stretcher, and cupboards with sliding doors and a bamboo rod for coal-buckets. There's also a desk and a camp stool, and I don't know where mattress I've got, but I don't need for us.

In the morning I'm awakened as the little girls—I don't know their names, but the boys all call most of them Suzy—slide the outer wooden walls back, and let in the sunshine or fog, as the case may be.

The fire under the bath is lit at night. The bath is a large cement



JAPANESE mother and daughter in Kure street. The troops call nearly all the little girls "Suzy."

tub into which the Jap families used to get one after the other, but we are rather refined and dish the hot water out into a big galvanised-iron washtub. Or, rather, we do if our little girls haven't done it already for us.

In the morning the water's warm enough for what the Australian nurses call a "bird-bath."

Luxury of luxuries, the little Jap girls take off the washing to do, and let me recommend them for as nice an ironed pair of little stockings as I ever saw, but we won't mention what they do with a khaki collar.

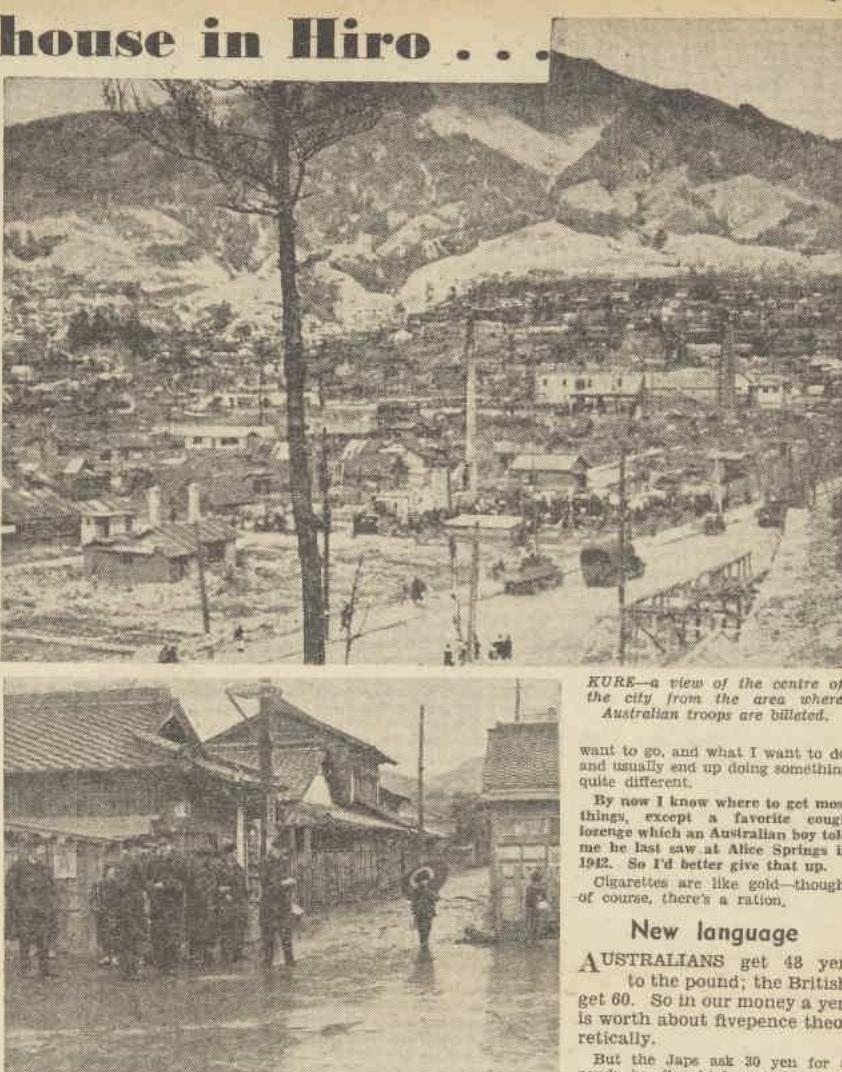
## Yen and sen

INTO the house come two Japanese workmen. Extraordinary to think how terrified I used to be at Japs. They apparently want to mend a wardrobe, but mine's okay, and they go away.

Then I push a torch and a notebook and pencils into my coat pocket, sort out my yen and sen for the fourteenth time in my pocket-book, and have another look to see if my accreditation paper is still there.

We rush down the narrow streets of houses past the red fire-buckets outside each gateway to "the Barn," as the Y.W. girls call their mess.

There are Wasbles and Y girls, and four Ensa actresses who wear battle-jackets and trousers and caps at a jaunty angle, and scarlet nail-polish, and mascara on their long eyelashes, and we all eat like horses, and people compare it with how food was in India, and wish they could have brought that wizard bearer



KURE—a view of the centre of the city from the area where Australian troops are billeted.

want to go, and what I want to do, and usually end up doing something quite different.

By now I know where to get most things, except a favoriteough lozenge which an Australian boy told me he last saw at Alice Springs in 1942. So I'd better give that up.

Cigarettes are like gold—though, of course, there's a ration.

## New language

AUSTRALIANS get 48 yen to the pound; the British get 60. So in our money a yen is worth about fivepence theoretically.

But the Japs ask 30 yen for a gaudy handkerchief, and the black market flourishes, though I'm told by the New Zealanders it's not nearly as bad as in Italy.

There are one hundred sen to a yen, and it all comes in paper notes, so work it out for yourself. I don't know what you buy for a sen, I'm sure.

Meanwhile, I'm learning a new language, and it's not Japanese. It's partly the Army's famed initial language.

When you say BCOF, incidentally, you talk of Beeoff.

Then there's Scap, Supreme Council of Allied Powers. I use an interpreter for much of this language.

The favorite Australian way of talking Japanese is to put "O" on the end of words—"jeepo" and "pre-sento," for instance—which is infectious.

Besides that, there's all the British slang.

My favorite word, which stems from the R.A.F., and isn't really new, is "clueless." Anyone who is clueless hasn't got a clue. That is, he doesn't know whether it's Monday or Centennial Park.

Other people have "all the clues" which is very useful.

All day I stare and listen. One of these days I am going to come out with some profound summings-up when I'm far enough away not to be contradicted.

So far I've decided: (a) This BCOF is a big experiment, and has all the complications that go with welding forces into one; (b) the mother of the nurse who said: "The Japanese will scrub you up there," was a little premature; (c) there are a heck of a lot of Japanese, and plenty more coming on; (d) I hope I can stick around long enough to see how it all works out.

Now I'm back in my room, and any minute now the rats will start running across the ceiling. Travel is certainly broadening.

# Editorial

APRIL 27, 1946

## ANZAC DAY

ON Anzac Day all Australia is united in pride and mourning for the heroes of two generations.

*In every city and township, greyling men who wore khaki between 1914 and 1918 will march beside youngsters who have just put off their jungle greens.*

Though the ranks of the first great A.I.F. are thinning every year, their memories are not dimming.

This Anzac Day they will look again down the years and see, as if it were only yesterday, that misty Gallipoli beach on which they left so many comrades.

But they look into the future as well as the past, at the living as well as the dead.

*They feel compassionate, fatherly interest in the boys of the second A.I.F. to whom they are joined in the special comradeship of shared experience and suffering.*

Even more strongly than other citizens, they feel the urgency of rehabilitation problems and, from bitter experience, know the mistakes that were made last time.

From their ranks come the leaders of every movement seeking to make the lot of the returned man easier.

On Anzac Day civilians stand outside a charmed circle of which they can never be a part.

It is essentially the servicemen's day, given over to their memories and reunions. Their special mateship is one lasting reward of service.

*But all can share with these men to whom we owe so much the sincere and strenuous efforts needed to make the future worthy of the faith in which they put on uniform seven years or 32 years ago.*

*NICE CIGARS DEAR*



THESE PICTURES, taken before and after plastic surgery, are from a casebook, "Plastic Surgery," by George Bankoff. At left is seen the result from an operation on a woman's nose. At the right is a patient whose badly protruding ears were made to lie close to his head.

## Plastic surgery lifts minds by changing faces

Dr. George Sava, famous plastic surgeon who is visiting Australia, is convinced that people's lives can be changed if their looks are improved.

"Plainness, even if there is no suggestion of deformity, can produce an unhappy mental effect. It often carries with it a 'nobody-likes-me-everybody-is-against-me-feeling,'" he said.

"THE gratitude of men and women who have undergone plastic surgery has been often quite overwhelming," he added.

"I don't think that any plain-faced man or woman should have to stay that way when medical science can help to make him or her attractive.

"Before and after" photographs of Dr. Sava's patients show amazing facial transformations. One girl with a weak chin and dull expression was changed by surgery to a charming, regular-featured young woman. She had a successful stage career and made a happy-ever-after marriage.

Russian-born Dr. Sava, who is also a well-known author, is on leave from his duty in the British Ministry of Health. His wife, a former Sydney girl, Janette Hollingsdale, and their two children, Alexandra and Peter, have come to Australia with him.

"With the end of the war, plastic surgery for beauty has been revived," he said, "and with a difference. Before, it was just lifting the faces of old ladies, but now it has become an important and dignified branch of surgery.

In many of the big hospitals in England a department of plastic surgery is included as a matter of course.

### Tried out in clay

THE day after one was opened in Manchester, 50 outpatients attended for advice.

"Up to the age of 25" Dr. Sava continued, "girls would like to look like film stars. Veronica Lake is a favorite. But, I say, 'you cannot put a Veronica Lake nose on to your face. It is the wrong shape.'

"More words will not persuade them. They say, 'But I like a retrousse nose!'

"I have found a very simple way of helping them to choose.

"I make a plaster bust of their faces and I put a retrousse nose on it."

"Nine out of ten patients say the



PLASTIC SURGERY reduced this ugly protruding jaw to a neat, well-shaped chin which completely changes the looks of this woman.

often brought to a plastic surgeon to be obliterated by a skin graft.

"Quite often young ladies come to have their operation scars removed," he said.

A new development in the technique of plastic surgery is the discovery of a means of making a culture of skin. Removed from the body, it can now be kept alive in a special medium.

Previously skin only from the body of the person to be operated upon was of any use for a graft. The only exception was in the case of identical twins.

### Skin groups

NOW skin can be tested and put into groups, and the time will come when there will be skin donors as to-day there are blood donors.

A "skin bank" would be of inestimable value to a plastic surgeon, said Dr. Sava.

"Skin loses its identity when it is removed from a body and becomes just live tissue, but it rapidly takes on the character of the surrounding skin when it is grafted on to another body."

During the war and the London blitz, surgeons had little time to devote to the beauty-giving side of their work. They were too much concerned with repairing damage done by fire and bomb.

In London Dr. Sava was in charge of the Emergency Medical Service and operated on casualties regularly two days a week.

He worked for some time with Dr. Archibald MacIndoe at his hospital at East Grinstead. Dr. MacIndoe is a New Zealander whose saline bath treatment for burns has been almost universally adopted.

One of his patients while Dr. Sava was with him was Flight-Lieutenant Richard Hillary, whose book, "The Last Enemy," told in vivid detail how plastic surgery restored his terribly burned body.



WAR HERO. Sydney-born, the late F/Lt. Richard Hillary, R.A.F., underwent plastic surgery at a hospital where Dr. Sava worked. This picture was taken after the operation.

nose does not suit after all, and together we decide on another."

Plastic surgery for a whim is strongly discouraged, says Dr. Sava. Before a surgeon operates he tells the patient plainly that it will mean pain and discomfort, which must be justified by the result.

Scarring is a problem. If the operation is to be on the face, scars can be placed so that they will not show. In the case of legs and hands, scar-placing is more difficult.

"When we operate on hands we are on dangerous ground," said Dr. Sava, "and except to cases of deformity or injury such an operation is rarely performed."

"It is a strange fact that, after faces, hands are what most patients like to have altered. Fat legs can be made shapely, but here scarring is a consideration."

"Everyone scars differently. It is usual to make a pre-operation test with a small incision."

"Scars from other operations are

# Interesting People



LT.-GEN. J. F. EVETTS  
... rocket research

ONE of most important scientific visitors in Australia's history is tall, genial soldier Lieut.-General J. F. Evetts, leader of British rocket-bomb experimental mission here to inquire into establishing a rocket experimental station. If his report is favorable it may have far-reaching effect on Commonwealth's future defence plans and on use of rockets for civil purposes, such as carrying express mails. Since 1947 General Evetts has been chief military adviser to British Ministry of Supply, which is carrying out Britain's research into rockets.



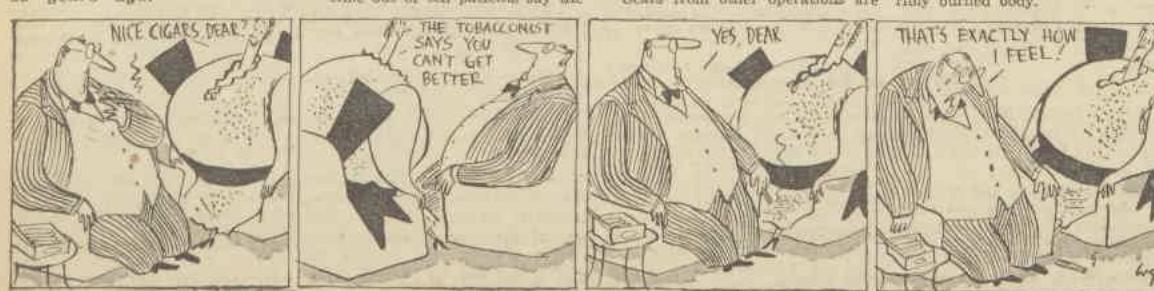
MISS BEATRICE BLAIR  
... teaching incapacitated

FIRST Red Cross handicraft worker appointed to go into incapacitated ex-servicemen's home to teach them crafts is Miss Beatrice Blair, Melbourne. Her work is part of the Red Cross scheme of caring for sick servicemen in postwar. In her small car she covers an area of 30 square miles, carries bag of sample work and materials. Pupils include men from both World Wars. She has done craftwork with Red Cross for last two years.



MAJOR A. DRIVER  
... N.T. Administration

NEW Administrator of Northern Territory is thirty-six-year-old Western Australian engineer Major Arthur Driver. Alice Springs residents received news of appointment with cheers, as he will inaugurate big works programme, including rebuilding of war-damaged Darwin. Has had wide experience of irrigation, drainage, and water supply. Served as sapper with A.I.F. in Islands, rose from private to rank of major. Educated in Perth, was a Hackett Bursary winner and prominent athlete at W.A. University.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



### To have the honor

THIS picture shows the impressive scene in the Great Hall of the University of Sydney when 70 debutantes were presented to the Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester.

The occasion was the University Settlement Ball, which has not been held since 1941. It was the first time debutantes have been presented to the Duke.

Dignity, color, and pageantry marked the scene. The Great Hall, brilliantly lit, had an appearance of a beautifully woven Gobelin tapestry.

Professors wearing their colorful academic robes, women in formal evening attire, together with debutantes in frothy, white gowns and men in uniform, made

an unforgettable picture. Proud parents sat on either side of the Great Hall and watched their daughters slowly walk up the long, red carpet to be presented to the Duke on the dais.

When the last debutante had given her graceful, sweeping curtsey, the carpet was rolled up and the debutantes with their partners whirled to an old-fashioned waltz. At its conclusion, the Duke, together with his staff; the Chancellor, Sir Charles Blackburn; and guests adjourned to the Union Refectory, where dancing was held.

The ball, which is the first of its kind to be held since the war years in Sydney, marks the beginning of the more formal postwar social events.

## Prescription for the Doctor

Continued from page 3

WEEK-ENDS gave very little respite from work. One or other of the girls had to be on duty on Saturdays and Sundays, so they took it in turns. Hannah didn't care. Her home was far off in Scotland. She had few friends in London.

Sometimes Hannah saw Deirdre diligently missing the bus at the corner, and gathered the doctor picked her up and took her somewhere in his black and silver car. Well, it was nice to know he had a human side. That was about all Hannah thought of it. With winks and nods, Deirdre inferred high links. "Coo, what a time we had last night," or "He's different as different with me."

It was three days before Easter. Some important experiment was going on, and one of other of them would have to be on duty over the holidays. Miss Loder had just broken the news.

"Over Easter! . . . Deirdre's face went blank. "Oh, I don't call it fair. I really don't."

There wasn't exactly a holiday atmosphere in the office that afternoon.

Distant sounds, suggesting that the lions had got at the Christians at last, came from the inner room. Dr. Kennard was in one of his rages again.

At three o'clock Deirdre suddenly held her head, reeled in a rather enchanting manner, and fainted.

There was a lot of rushing for sal volatile Miss Loder knew she had, but didn't know where it was. Hannah was sent for water. She was standing holding the jug and looking at Deirdre, thinking it queer how she looked, when Dr. Kennard came in.

"What's this?" he demanded. "She's fainted," said Miss Loder.

"Fainted?" said the doctor. "How dare she faint here!" He seized the jug of water from Hannah and stood over the prone Deirdre. "Get up," he said. "Get up at once if you don't want this down your neck."

Deirdre got up with surprising briskness.

"If you aren't well, go home," said the doctor, and slammed the door behind him.

He's inhuman, thought Hannah. But then she wondered. The trouble was she had worked for a bit on Intelligence, and it does tickle up your notions and give you ideas. Supposing it was just a put-up job between Deirdre and the doctor (who loved her) to give her a little extra time off that he couldn't very well do otherwise? Well, honi soit qui mal y pense, thought Hannah plausibly.

Deirdre put on her hat and coat and staggered out.

"Oh, dear, that means she's off for at least a week. She did the same thing last Easter. Now you and I will have to take the holiday between us. I don't know what Tiff will say," Miss Loder wailed.

"I'll come on Deirdre's days as well as my own. I can't get home, so it doesn't matter to me," said Hannah truthfully.

She lived in what was called a furnished flatlet. It was really just a bed-sitting-room with a gas-ring in a cupboard and a bed so cleverly hidden that no beginner could possibly have found it.

On Good Friday Hannah let herself into the office, quite expecting to find herself there alone. She was surprised to find Dr. Kennard standing by the window.

"Get some water," he said urgently.

And tainted. Hannah stood looking down at him, horrified. There was far too much of him for her to handle. She took off his tie and loosened his collar. She hung the tie carefully over a chair back and ran for water. Maybe it was sheer terror at being alone with all that prone form that did it. She stood over him and said angrily:

"Get up. Get up at once, or I'll throw this water down your neck."

Dr. Kennard certainly responded all right to his own treatment. He sat up. He took a drink of water, and gave back the mug with the air of one who lays it on a handy shelf.

"Turn on the light, will you?"

She turned it on.

"Am I at all spotty?" asked the doctor urgently.

She peered at him, then clapped her hand to her mouth.

"Measles!" gasped Hannah, recollecting.

"Nothing of the sort," said the doctor impatiently. "It's merely the result of an experiment. I half expected it. Only it's turned out rather worse. . . . Devilish awkward . . . ."

"Shall I phone Miss Loder?" asked Hannah, backing.

"No," he snapped.

"Or Deirdre?"

"Good heavens, no! Be quiet, woman. Let me think." After an interval of thought he said: "You must get me out of this. Can you drive a car? Thank goodness here's the key. I'll meet you at the side door."

It was all Hannah could do not to burst out laughing when she drove his car to the side door and found him waiting for her. He had swathed himself in a rather vivid blue blanket with a red stripe in it, and crowned this costume with his usual black Homburg hat. Merrily, the war had accustomed people to odd figures on the pavement. No one took the slightest notice. No doubt they wrote him down as another of those Eastern potentates.

There ensued a strangely disjointed conversation. It lacked connection because the doctor apparently kept passing out and coming to again just in time to say, "First left," or "Right," as the case might be.

"Where we are going?" asked Hannah.

"Back to mother," said the doctor. "You mustn't be put off by her. She is a little eccentric."

Like mother, like son, thought Hannah.

Please turn to page 17

## Send for this smart, new hat...

BEAUTIFUL MODEL FOR EVERY OCCASION PRICED AT 52/6

DESIGNED by a French milliner whose name is outstanding in the world of fashion, The Australian Women's Weekly model hat is outstandingly smart and eminently wearable. You'll be delighted with it.

Fashioned in eight different colors from the finest of wool felts, this new, high-crowned sailor comes with two sets of ready-to-wear trimmings. Each imparts a distinctive charm to the model, and the change-over can be made in a couple of minutes. The hat costs 52/6.

Choose from these colors:

Amber, with brown trimming and brown veiling.

Duchess-blue with soft navy-blue trimming and veiling.

Mist-pink with pastel blue trimming and navy or brown veiling.

Silver-grey with grey trimming and veiling.

Wood-brown with dark brown trimming and brown veiling.

Spirited red with bright blue trimming and navy veiling.

Navy with red trimming and navy veiling.

Black with pastel blue trimming and black veiling.

In addition, the contrast trimming of finely corded ribbon and pom-poms accompanies each hat.

When ordering state head size re-

## WORTH Reporting

### Sheer news

THE cabled news from London that stockings are promised of a new material so sheer that it is possible to read newsprint through them certainly intrigued us.

We could hardly wait to get to the office to experiment with our own rayons.

We tried out a heading firm, and found it to be perfectly legible. A small ad. was next. Every letter was clearly visible.

We then settled down to do some steady reading. Shipping notes, very results, comic strips, and social jottings all made the grade.

We probably would have kept at it all day but for someone saying why?

It then occurred to us that the women of England will be glad to have sheer stockings just to wear them.

### Historical sites

THE seaside town of Glenelg, in Adelaide, has an interesting link with the past. At 58 Peninsula Street once stood the home of the poet Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Thirty years ago, the house was demolished, but three bricks were kept and placed in a conspicuous position on the front veranda of the present house. The bricks bear the initials, "ALG."

The house is known as Dingle Dell, after Gordon's famous old cottage at Mount Gambier.

Another historical site in Glenelg is the gnarled trunk of a flourishing gum-tree.

At this spot, more than 100 years ago, Governor Hindmarsh proclaimed South Australia a colony.

Meanwhile, it provides a source of entertainment to youngsters round the district who try out what it feels like to "look out on the world from behind iron bars."

Alongside the rare old Chinese bowls, crystal, and jewels is a bottle of beer.

### Victory march plans

A MESSAGE from our London office says that the deep air-raid shelters which once protected the Londoners during the blitz will be used to accommodate the people who miss the last train home after the Victory March 8.

Although London will be gay than she has been for years, there won't be much chance of extra food.

Out-of-town visitors are advised to bring their own food and thermal flasks with hot drinks.

The first march rehearsals have already been held. The object was to check the time taken by a marching column on the route from Monk's Arch to the saluting base in the Mall.

Time was exactly one hour.



WE'RE getting ready to give some advice to a young man who's likely to be in trouble at any moment. He happens to be in love with a New Zealand girl who, unfortunately, for family reasons, must go home as soon as she can get a passage.

The young man is back again at his pre-war job with a shipping company, and it's only a matter of time before the girl discovers just who it is who keeps crossing her name off the passenger list.

### Czech conductor

SIZABLE biceps of visiting Czechoslovakian conductor Walter Susskind considerably impressed members of the ABC Symphony Orchestra at first rehearsals for the Sydney concert season.

After the exhaustive morning's work—Susskind arrived from England in time for only two days' rehearsals before the first concert—one of the women players gasped:

"Well, we've had a few conductors here, but never bicep like that behind a baton."

The remark amused the well-built, good-looking, young conductor as he tucked his baton away and settled down in his rehearsal tags of short-sleeved shirt and faithful old sports slacks to a brief reviver of salad and coffee.

"Well, anyway, they're useful for keeping off irate players and audiences," the young maestro of 23 years grinned.

"Most people usually suspect from the muscles that I do a spot of secret boxing or lumber-jacking."

"I was a skiing and outdoor sport fan in my student days on the Continent, but, believe me, those biceps are entirely the result of conducting."

Mr. Gardner will give it to a museum as a relic of early convict days.

Meanwhile, it provides a source of entertainment to youngsters round the district who try out what it feels like to "look out on the world from behind iron bars."

Alongside the rare old Chinese bowls, crystal, and jewels is a bottle of beer.

WEAR IT with eye-catching charm and distinction . . . this beautifully designed hat is available now from The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Department complete with two sets of ready-to-wear trimmings.

postage, N.B.: It comes in a special box by registered mail.

Send your order to The Australian

Women's Weekly Fashion Department.

Addresses in each State are

given at the foot of page 22.



**DEBUTANTE WALTZ.** Jean Tunks is whirled round the floor in the Great Hall at the University of Sydney by her partner, Allan Williams, wearing robes, after the presentation of debutantes to the Duke of Gloucester at University Settlement Ball.



**THREE-TIERED** wedding cake cut with sword by Lieut. Ian Roberts ANGAU, and his bride, formerly Betty Johnston, of West Maitland. Couple marry at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Bridesmaid, Mary Loveband, R.A.A.F. nursing sister.



**CELEBRATING ENGAGEMENT.** Marie Louise Stuart Doyle and her fiance, Brian Bowell, celebrate at dinner at Prince's when they announce engagement. Marie Louise is only child of late Mr. Stuart Doyle and of Mrs. Stuart Doyle, of Wahroonga. Brian is second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Bowell, of Lindfield.

## Intimate, Greetings

EVEN feminine interest in Easter fashion is left at the post compared with interest when news gets round that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will attend Royal Randwick on Easter Monday.

The Duke and Duchess have not previously attended Randwick—in fact, the only race meetings they have been to during their stay in Australia were a meeting in Tasmania and recently their visit to the Yass Picnic Races.

The Duke accepts the Committee's invitation to lunch, and the Duchess invites guests to lunch with her, and later other guests are invited to afternoon tea.

Country folk well to the fore among luncheon guests, including Mrs. Pat Osborne, of Willeecoo, Tarago; Mrs. George Main, The Retreat, Ilabo; Mrs. H. C. Allen; Bob Ashton, The Checkers, Cargo; Mr. and Mrs. W. Horsley, Gundilem, Tumblong; Thelma McMaster, Dalkeith, Cassilis; and Major Tony A. Sheehan, the David Prattens.

**TO WED THIS SATURDAY.** Walter Melville and his bride-to-be, Marjorie Laurie, who plan marriage at St. Canice's Church, Roslyn Gardens, this Saturday.



**MEDAL FOR A HERO.** Pilot-Officer Keith Chisholm, D.F.C., R.A.A.F., was presented with the Military Cross by the Duke of Gloucester at Government House. Keith chats with Beth Wake in the grounds of Government House after the ceremony.



**PUNTING AT RANDWICK.** Nan Connor (left), Sheila Connor, Lila Schwarz, and Patricia Aboud were four members of Sydney's younger set to attend races.

AMONG the afternoon tea guests invited are the secretary of the A.I.C., Mr. George Rowe, and Mrs. Howe; Captain Leon Lyons; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Thompson of Stoneleigh, Wilberforce; Mr. H. L. Carter; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Tait, sen., of Neerim, Bowral; Mr. and Mrs. Keith Mackay; Mr. and Mrs. N. Body, of Strathbogie, Emualla; Ben Arnott; and Mrs. F. Bragg, of Aberdeen.

OVER from Melbourne for the races is Mrs. Louis Nelken, who stays at Australia. Her husband is unable to accompany her to Sydney on this occasion, as he is away in America on a business trip. Mrs. E. J. Watt and Mrs. Nigel Smith—who were the house-guests of Mrs. Nelken at her lovely home, Glynne, Toorak, last Cup time—will both entertain her at small post-Easter parties in their homes.



**HOPING FOR A WIN.** Pretty Anne Crowley attended races with John Harding. Flight is owned by father, Mr. Brian Crowley, of Merrywinebone.

INTERESTING engagement is that of Myra Dodd, eighteen-year-old radio actress, to Sergeant Bob Allen, A.I.F. Myra is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Dodd, of Darling Point, and Bob is elder son of Major-General and Mrs. A. S. Allen, of Cairo, formerly of Sydney. Myra will be bridesmaid in June at her sister Valerie's wedding at St. Philip's, Church Hill, when she marries John Todd, of Northbridge.

MEET Patricia Mewton, gifted pianist, and find her thrilled with her new gown—a Worth copy in ivory moire trimmed with hand-made true-lovers' knots—which she will wear at her recital at the Conservatorium on May 1.

**HEARTY** congratulations on all sides for Private Frank Partridge, V.C., in the grounds of Government House after the investiture by the Duke of Gloucester.

Frank comes with his father, Mr. P. J. Partridge, and his brother, Mr. R. J. Partridge, accompanied him to Government House for the occasion.

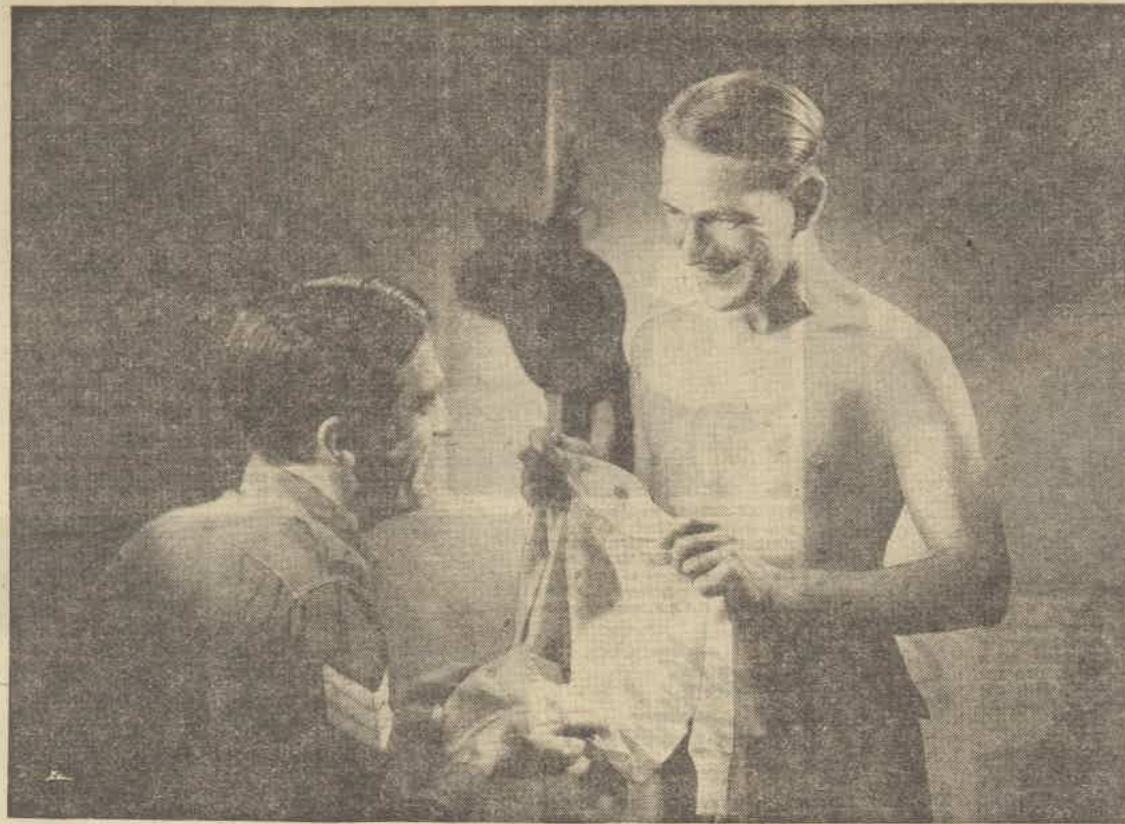
Frank leaves for England soon on H.M.A.S. Shropshire, to take part in the Victory March in England.

"It'll be Frank's first opportunity to meet his mother's people," Mr. Partridge tells me. "I was a Digger in the last war, and brought back an English bride," he adds.

*Joyce*



**COMMITTEE FOR DANCE.** Attractive lasses Pat Girling (left), Sheila Moss, and Lorna Wright are planning dance at White City for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind children this Saturday night.



## "I want MORLEY warmth after the Tropics"



### "KANTSHRINK" WOOLLENS

*are Guaranteed  
Not to Shrink*

The singlet illustrated has been washed 52 times without trace of shrinkage or felting—a year's wear and more to come! Morley's guarantee every "Kantshrink" garment.

**"KANTSHRINK"** Woollens  
for Cosy Warmth in Winter

**"VELNIT"** Interlock Cotton  
for Soft Non-irritating Comfort

"After three years in the Tropics, a man doesn't have to shiver all Winter to show he's a he-man—he's got more sense. And after three tropic winters I'm calling on Morley's for defence against Winter's cold.

"Yes, it's MORLEY'S for me—they're soft and comfortable—and my wife tells me they'll stand up without shrinking to even a soldier's idea of washing."

MORLEY "KANTSHRINK" all-wool underwear is soft, light and cosily warm, the ideal insulation to maintain your natural body temperature.

*Always look for the name*

# MORLEY

*on Underwear and Knitwear*

I. & R. MORLEY Pty. Ltd., Ballarat, Victoria

H. 4183

# As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

A GOOD week is ahead for A Taurians, Capricornians, and Virgoans, who are advised to plan well to achieve gains, promotions, and happiness.

Many Cancerians and Pisceans will also find this period very pleasant, but Aquarians, Leonians, and Sagittarians will experience worry and frustration and should live quietly.

## The Daily Diary

Here is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Not good work brings results now, April 24 and 25 (early and late) poor, April 26 (to 5 p.m.) and 30 (to noon) you will be good.

**Taurus** (April 21 to May 22): April 22 and 24 good, but April 25 very tricky. Seek progress on April 27 (need to 5 p.m.), 28 (midday and evening), and 29 (to 5 p.m.).

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): April 25 confusing, so be wary. April 26 (to noon) fair, 27 and 28 poor, April 29 (to 5 p.m.) and 30 (to noon) helpful.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Affairs improve now. April 25 (early

and late) and 26 (to noon) fair.

April 27 and 28 good.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Take things quietly now, and avoid decisions. April 23 (evening), 24, and 26 (afternoon), all difficult. Worst on April 25.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to Sept. 23): Keep busy and seek gains. April 22 and 24 (to dusk) good, 25 tricky. April 26 (to noon), 27, and 30 (to noon) fair.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 22): Conditions improve, avoid rashness. April 22, 23, and 25 all good. April 26 very tricky.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 22 to Nov. 21): Beware of sudden changes and changes now, especially on April 24. April 25 (evening), 26, and 28 (to noon) all very poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 22 to Dec. 21): April 26 (to noon), 28, and 30 (to noon) fair. Do not rely on luck. Rest is poor.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Plan ahead and work hard. April 22, 24, 26, 28, 29 (afternoons), and 28 (noon) are mostly all good.

**ARIES** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Beware of all kinds now, especially on April 24. Beware work advised.

**PICTURES** (April 22 to March 21): Moderate and possible. April 22, 24, 26, 28, 29 (to noon) all very fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents its astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for its statements contained in it. June Marsden, responsible for it, is available to answer any letters. Editor, A.W.W.1

"Anything I can show you, sir?"

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## YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 27 to 48 (25 to 40 explore  
25 to 40 (25 to 40 explore  
BUTTER: 10 to 25 (25 to 40 explore  
BUTTER: 24 to 36 (25 to 40 explore May 51  
MEAT: BEEF: 28 to 34 (25 to 40 explore May 51  
and green 40, 51, 52 and 53 (25 to 40 explore May 51  
CLOTHES: Y1-54, 207-212.

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping

**BETTY GRAY:** In a world-wide hunt for clues to her uncle's fortune. With each clue is one number, part of the combination of the safe where the fortune is locked. In his will he bequeathed the money to whoever found all the clues first, Betty or her cousins.

**AUGUSTA:** Who wants Betty out of the hunt,

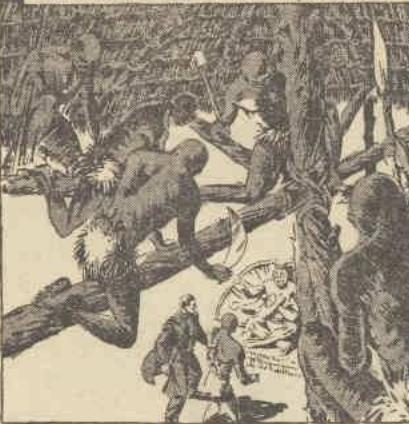
**KARL:** Who has tired of the chase, and **PETER:** Who has joined forces with Betty, Mandrake and Lothar. Augusta enlisted the aid of

**KRAG:** A power in the South Seas, who tells the natives of Cerebi Island, where the fourth clue is hidden, that Mandrake wants to take their idol. The clue is hidden behind the idol's eye, and Mandrake tries to get it.

NOW READ ON:



MEANWHILE--UNSEEN EYES WATCH THEM FROM ABOVE--THEN SUDDENLY, SILENTLY--



RASH STRANGERS! YOU ARE DOOMED! YOUR HEADS SHALL BE THE FORFEIT!



MANDRAKE IS DANGEROUS. KILL HIM--AND FREE THE REST. CHIEF GAWAALI.



ALL ARE GUILTY! YOU DID WELL TO WARN US AGAINST THEM, KRAG--BUT THEY WILL BE PUNISHED IN OUR OWN WAY!

PETE--WHERE ARE THEY TAKING US?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, BETTY! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE!



RASH STRANGERS! YOU HAVE DONE WHAT IS FORBIDDEN! YOU MUST PAY WITH YOUR LIVES!



MY GOSH--IT TALKS! HOW DOES IT WORK?

WE'LL FIND OUT--LATER. SHH--THE CHIEF HAS THE FLOOR NOW.



TYGOOYA HAS SPOKEN! BUT WE ARE HUNTERS--NOT MURDERERS. WE FREE YOU--AND THE HUNT WILL BEGIN. WE AS THE HUNTERS--YOU AS THE QUARRY!



TO BE CONTINUED



*Ultra-Modern and equipped  
with GAS of course!*

Gas is the fashion... the modern way to Brighter and Easier Living in every household. Its speed, economy, and automatic control make it an essential in the Home of to-day and to-morrow. The 4 Big Domestic Jobs — Cooking, Hot Water, Refrigeration and Heating are done with unique efficiency and reliability by Gas. It's smart... it's modern to equip your New Home with Gas. There'll be added leisure and more time for pleasure!

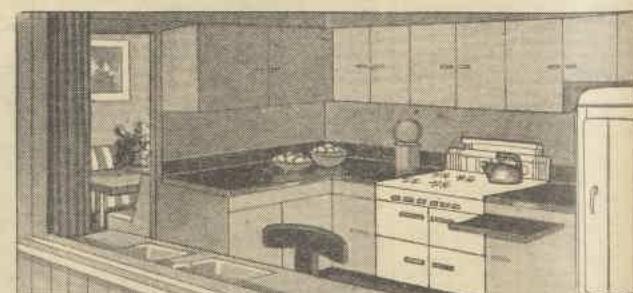
Select approved appliances at your Gas Company Showrooms

**GAS**  
FOR THE 4 BIG JOBS

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**A "haven of happiness"  
will be their dream home!**



*A Modern Kitchen — Dinette arrangement*



*Copious Hot Water!*



*Instant Healthy Warmth!*

*After six years devoted to the War Effort, the services of the Gas Industry are now free to assist you towards Brighter and Better Living.*

**W**HEN the doctor next came round, he asked, "By the way, who are you? I don't seem to have the pleasure . . . ."

"I am Hannah Brown. One of your secretaries . . . ."

"Is that so? Fancy, I don't seem to have seen you before."

"No," said Hannah dryly, "I thought you hadn't. I've only been on your staff fourteen weeks."

"Where is my tie? What have you done with my tie?" said the doctor, feeling for it with sudden trepidation.

"Be calm. It's hanging on your chair."

"If I hold up my hand, stop immediately. It means I am going to be sick."

"If you dare to be sick I shall get out and walk away," said Hannah. "There is a limit to what a girl can take."

He heaved a deep sigh. "I thought you might be the kind who'd croon and hold my head. The natural and proper reaction to illness, I always think, is disgust."

"You are talking nonsense."

"This is my car. I shall say what I like in it," said the doctor. "He slipped into sudden gloom. "The rest of it is, I may go blue before you clear up."

"Never mind," said Hannah. "It might be an improvement."

The rest of their journey was completed in chilly silence.

Hannah could never quite remember what she had expected the doctor's mother to be like. Lady Kennard had a mop of snow-white hair, and she carried under one arm a snow-white peacock.

"I have brought your son home. He's not well," said Hannah shyly. Lady Kennard peered into the car like someone unexpectedly presented with a cheetah in a cage.

"Good heavens, has he done it again?" she said as her son and Hannah got out of the car. Calmly, she continued. "He's always poisoning himself, that boy. I've told him a dozen times. Dear me, what a dreadful sight. Bowler, take the doctor away at once and put him to bed."

A portly butler was already helping the doctor into the house.

"Thank goodness he's found a nice girl to take care of him at last," said Lady Kennard. She gave Hannah a smacking kiss and trotted on another prance which she kicked away briskly. "Park the car, darling, and I'll show you your room."

"But I've got to get back," said Hannah.

"Nonsense! You must spend Easter with us. What would Alec say if he came round and found I'd let his best girl go away?"

"But I'm not—" began Hannah.

"Ever since the admiral went up sick," said Lady Kennard, taking the slightest notice. "I have begged for a daughter. And at last Alec has done a sensible thing. Alec is so like his father. Vague, and not very sensible. He needs a wife."

"But, Lady Kennard—" said Hannah horrified.

"Even on our honeymoon the admiral kept forgetting things. Believe it or not, he entered us in the visitors' book as Captain Kennard and Miss Chaseworth! Naturally, when we ran into friends of his they were a little chilly. The women drew their skirts aside. We had skirts you could draw in those days."

"Please, Lady Kennard, do listen—"

"Now, this is your little room, dear," cried Lady Kennard. "I had always intended it for my daughter-in-law. Don't thank me. Don't thank me . . . it's sheer fun."

Hannah gulped.

It was a great deal funnier, she thought, than her hostess realised. But the room was sweet. The luxurious bed, upholstered in pink and silver, awaited her. Hannah cast back, remembering sundry iron couches in Wrenneries, and those cement mattresses known as biscuits which were supposed to fit together and sometimes did.

Fate was now throwing something so entirely different in her path. "Wouldn't it be pity to let it go?"

"I have no luggage," she said, weakly.

"Oh, we'll soon fit you out. I shall enjoy fitting you out. I adore young society," said Lady Kennard. "That's one of the hardships of growing old, you know. The young people regard you as something on a shelf."

## Prescription for the Doctor

Continued from page 12

So you have to make do with dogs. But I don't really like dogs, you know," said Lady Kennard, edging one absent-mindedly out of her path.

Hannah sat down when the door closed behind her talkative hostess. She felt utterly bemused. Quite obviously it was useless to try explaining anything to Lady Kennard, who, apart from never having any time to listen, was presumably also slightly deaf.

Well, there was a surprise brewing for the doctor. Maybe he could handle his mother.

"I expect she takes me for Deirdre," thought Hannah. There was evidently something in Deirdre's tales.

"You mean to say he hasn't given you a ring?" cried Lady Kennard at dinner. (Soup with asparagus in it, fried fish and mushrooms, fresh fruit and cream!) Hannah thought of the might-have-been in the shape of a sausage fried on the gas ring, and said a passionate grace.

"Well, you see—"

"He gets more and more like his father. Do you know, every time the admiral went to sea, I felt he might completely forget to come back. Strange how these things run in families . . . ."

After dinner she swept Hannah upstairs to a sumptuous dressing-room. Before she knew where she was, Hannah found the third finger on her left hand corralled in a handsome half-loop of diamonds. She was speechless.

She stood later that night, wearing satin pyjamas and a scarlet kimono trimmed with dragons with crafty eyes, surveying this unexpected addition to her hand. To a girl with a sense of fun, the situation now had possibilities.

What would the doctor say when he came round? He certainly had a surprise coming to him.

Inquiries next morning brought the assurance that Alec was a lot

better. "Better, but still slightly blue," said his mother briskly. She seemed to take these things as they came, quite unworried by them. Until the doctor emerged completely from his blue and spotty stage, there was, thought Hannah, nothing to be done but enjoy oneself. Looking forward to the explanations, that must be made before Thursday, when she was due back at work.

Easter Sunday night, quite without any warning, Dr. Kennard appeared. He looked slightly pale, but otherwise quite himself. A tweed suit gave him a slightly more human air than was usual. To he walked, for all the world as though he had just been out for a short stroll.

"Ah, there you are!" said his mother. "Glad to see you, dear boy! It's been wonderful having Hannah to keep me company."

"Hannah?" said the doctor a trifle vaguely. Then he saw her.

"Are you going to kiss her?" said his mother.

"Of course," said the doctor obligingly. He did so. Kissed her with unexpected warmth, right on the lips. Then he stood, looking slightly startled, scratching his head.

"Now I must leave you two turtle doves together." His mother patted his shoulder briskly. "The best thing you ever did, Alec. Quite the best."

Utter bewilderment that was not unfunny seized the doctor. He gave Hannah a quick, anxious look, then hummed a little tune, and picked up ornaments off the mantelpiece. Very carefully, one by one, he examined them and put them down again.

"I wonder—could you perhaps tell me what all this means. Did I—say anything unusual the other day?"

He looked down and saw the ring on her finger and gulped.

"I never—" began Dr. Kennard. Hannah's sense of humor got the better of her and she began to laugh.

"I couldn't possibly cook it on a

"Be calm. You never did," she said. "All this has happened because your mother simply won't listen. I couldn't make her understand."

"It's difficult, isn't it?" said Kennard sympathetically. "I say, where is my tie?"

"On the arm of your chair in the office."

"I don't want to lose it. It's one of my best ones."

"Well, never mind about that now. What are you going to do about all this?"

"You don't know my mother. When she gets an idea it takes a bulldozer to prise it off her. I simply don't feel strong enough to argue with her just now. If you wouldn't mind waiting a bit . . . ."

"Write to her when I've gone. I must be back in the office on Thursday."

"So must I, of course. You can drive me."

"I have a feeling your mother has taken me for Deirdre."

"Why on earth should she? She has never seen the girl. There is never any accounting for mother's ideas. If you don't mind just letting things remain as they are, meantime."

"Not in the least," said Hannah, regarding her handsome ring. "I have never been engaged before."

The fact that Lady Kennard went on introducing her to people as "my dear little daughter-in-law" surely complicated things a bit, thought Hannah. Well, that was their lookout. For her part, she was thoroughly enjoying herself, which was more than she had expected to do this Easter.

And Alec Kennard turned out to be a most pleasant and easy companion.

Seeing him in his consulting room you would never have thought it possible. They potted round the woods with a dog and a gun on Easter Monday. He shot a pheasant and generously offered it to her.

"I couldn't possibly cook it on a

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Did we pass our cooking test, Mr. Johnson?"

gas-ring," she said solemnly, thanking him for the kind thought. It was amazing how much they had in common, including the ability to laugh a lot at nothing very much.

I shall be sorry, thought Hannah, when this is over.

Early in the morning three days later Lady Kennard packed them into the car with a lot of good advice.

"Now do see he doesn't try any more of his terrible experiments on himself, won't you, dear? Bring her back again soon, Alec—the very best thing you ever did."

"Well!" said Hannah, turning the car out of the wide gates, not without regret at the end of this pleasant fairy tale. "that's that."

The doctor said nothing at all. They drove slowly along the slippery roads toward London. Just before they reached the by-pass the doctor said suddenly: "Stop!"

Hannah looked at him anxiously. "You're surely not going to be sick." "No. I have thought of something. My mother hardly ever opens letters. That is always the first thing I have to do when I go home. Open stacks of letters she hasn't paid any attention to. So it would hardly be any use my writing, explaining anything to her."

"Then you must telephone."

The doctor said, "Have a cigarette? No? You don't smoke. Good thing. I loathe women who smell of tobacco. We have quite a lot in common, haven't we, Hannah? We both hate illness and dislike people who faint here, there, and everywhere. A mug of water down the neck and no crooning."

Hannah sat back. "Just exactly what is it you are driving at, Dr. Kennard?" she asked patiently.

"I just thought," he said earnestly, "that it might save a lot of trouble and bother, one way and another, that is, if you don't mind, if we just went on and got married. Quite simply."

"Well!" said Hannah, her eyes blazing. "Of all the crazy suggestions. If you think I am going to marry anyone simply to save them a lot of bother . . . ."

She prepared to switch the engine on, but he caught her hand.

"Hannah, please listen. I didn't mean that. I'm no good at this sort of thing, no good at all. What I really mean is—that kiss. It's—I liked it a lot, Hannah. I'd like to repeat it. I've been lying awake at night, thinking how much I'd like to repeat it. But, of course, I quite realise that you may not have the same feeling."

He looked hot and bothered, and somehow lost and forlorn. Before she realised it, he had her in his arms, and he kissed her again.

"Oh!" said Hannah softly.

She lay very still in his arms, in some amazement.

"If you could possibly ever learn to care for me . . ." said the doctor. He kissed her again. "Mother is right. I do need someone. I do so need you. I would make you a kind husband, and I am always quite good-tempered except on operation days."

"But I thought," said Hannah, still bewildered, "that you had another girl."

Then Dr. Kennard made the only pretty speech of his life to date.

"Are there any other girls?" he asked vaguely.

(Copyright)

## What's on your mind?

### Attractive cottages for old folk

**T**HREE should be an Australia-wide scheme to provide cheap cottages in attractive surroundings where old people could spend their last days without any feeling of being merely tolerated.

The number of homeless and friendless aged people is high.

Many of them, through force of circumstances, languish in costly rooms or in institutions.

The pleas of youth for everything from a motor car to a house are typical of the modern age, and few spare a thought for the old folk so badly in need of care and comfort.

£1 to Mrs. C. M. Matheson, 315 Young St., Fitzroy, Vic.

### Male nurses

AS the nursing shortage is still so acute, why not encourage men to take up this work? From my experience of their treatment in hydropathic, Turkish, and electric bath establishments, I would say they have a natural aptitude for it.

5/- to F. A. Gray, 50 Royal Pde., Pascoe Vale, Vic.

### To help mothers

I THINK there should be a staff of Government-paid women at all Baby Health Centres, whose job it would be to take over homes while expectant mothers go into hospital. This would save the mother from worrying about her family, and remove the need for the husband to stay home from work, losing much-needed pay.

5/- to Mrs. J. McNally, 77 Third Ave., Port Kembla, N.S.W.

**R**EADERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, in "What's on Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, 100 Elizabeth St., Melbourne. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-name.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### Keen competition

**A**SCHOOL I know has a particularly good way of helping the Food for Britain Appeal. The pupils correspond with pupils at an English school, and each class competes against the other to see which can send the most parcels to the class they correspond with in England.

5/- to Lois LeCornu, 15 Milner St., Prospect, S.A.

### Planes for playgrounds

**I**NSTEAD of dumping all fighter planes into the ocean why are not some handed over to municipal councils? Stripped, of course, of any dangerous parts, they could be

set up in parks and playgrounds for children. Just imagine what fun small boys and girls would have pretending to be pilots.

5/- to Mrs. A. Clarke, Vulture St., South Brisbane.



### The hat-trick

**A**FTER having to put up with women's hats ruining movies, concerts, and shows, I wish a civic ordinance on record in Indianapolis (U.S.A.) would be introduced here.

This law reads, "It shall be unlawful for any person owning, controlling, or managing any theatre or other place of amusement to permit or tolerate the wearing of any hat, cap, or bonnet by any person while in such theatre."

The law provides for a fine of 10 dollars for the wearer of any unremoved hat.

The trouble is that as far as can be recalled this admirable law has never been enforced.

5/- to Mrs. G. Tapley, Harmony, East Richmond Park, Gordon, N.S.W.

### Unnecessary title

**W**HY do some men, when speaking on the telephone, begin their conversation by saying "Mister So-and-So speaking?"

This shows self-esteem, and, anyway, is unnecessary, as the sound of the voice should indicate the sex. So why the "Mister"?

The correct opening should be, for example, "A. B. Smith speaking" or "Smith speaking." But "Mister" Smith? Never!

5/- to Mrs. K. W. Lemerne, Box 22, P.O., Armidale, N.S.W.

### Too hard to find

**D**URING the past five years the numbers of bicycles have been engraved underneath the pedal hubs instead of under the seat. They should be engraved under the seat again.

If your bike is stolen and you see one that you think is it, you have to turn it upside down to see the number, instead of only having to look for it on the bar running underneath the seat.

5/- to M. Bongers, 5 Cory St., Toowoomba, Qld.

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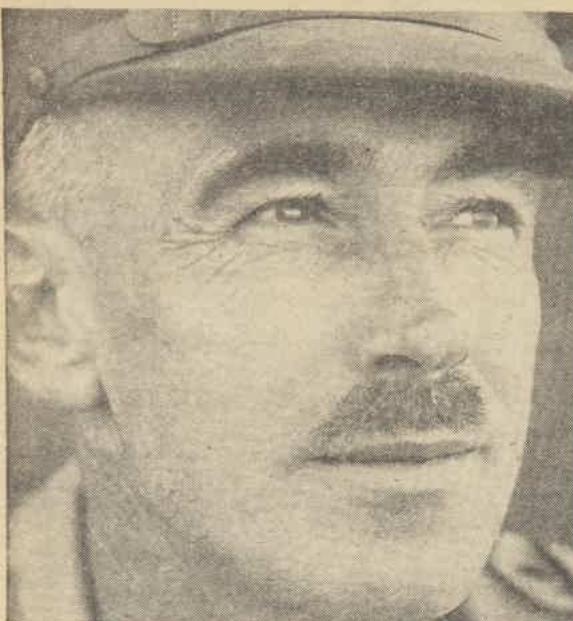
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(Copyright)

## OFF TO LONDON FOR THE VICTORY



LEADER of contingent, Major-General Esther, D.S.O., former dental mechanic. His enlistment number is NX3. Until recently commander at Rabaul, he earned nickname, "Phar Lap" from 7th Dec. for the speed with which he advanced his troops early in the New Guinea campaign.



LIEUT.-CMDR. R. J. PEER,  
O.B.E., D.S.C., one of two  
R.A.N. senior officers in march.



*BRIG. M. J. MOTEN, C.B.E.,  
D.S.O. and Bar, (S.A.), who  
will lead the Army section.*



WING-CMDR. R. KINGSFORD SMITH, D.S.O., D.F.C., leads R.A.A.F. section of 60.



"I'm going to  
Kissimmee, a dry land  
Tommy sold me."

London will  
effort to cover all  
speeding up the w  
and bunting away



**V.C. WINNER, 21-year-old Pte. Frank Partridge (Macksville, N.S.W.), and Pte. Nigel Dallas (Coffs Harbour, N.S.W.) with Cpl. Ted Light, M.E. (Brisbane).** Australians will share huge, under-canopy, canopy in Kensington Gardens, London, with 18,000 British and All-Service



**SPINE BASHING.** Cpl. Alan Tarrant and Sgt. Bruce Bailey, both of N.S.W., dream of London. Sgt. Bailey's ambition is to meet Princess Elizabeth—"the only girl in England I know."



FORMER P.O.W. in Singapore, Sgt. George McLeod, of Brisbane, wears six service chevrons on his uniform. Army members in the march will number 180, including three V.C.s and many others with decorations. Minimum height for men applicants was 5 feet 7in.

THREE of nineteen servicewomen chosen: A.A.M.W.S. Major Joan Christie (N.S.W.), A.A.M.W.S. Pte. Lesley Warne, B.E.M. (S.A.), and A.W.A.S. Sgt. Iris Parkes (N.S.W.). Matron-in-Chief Col. A. M. Sage, Major M.K. Desai, Capt. K. Bonnici, Lieut. L. C. Barr, W.R.A.N.S. Chief Officer S. McClellans, R.A.N.N.S. Sister Cheryl Wilson, Squadron-Officer Daris Carter are among others chosen. All have fine record of war service.

# PARADE . . .

500 servicemen and servicewomen, who  
left Shropshire for the Victory Parade in  
London after special training and outfitting,  
representatives of their country.

"Will the boys be in good shape," said W.O. Dudley  
Major, "so that they can hold their own against the  
other nations? I know just how good those Tommies are."

On a brave show for the Parade. In a tremendous  
amount of damage, shops and houses along the route are  
being repaired. Where repairs cannot be done in time, flags  
are flying over the damaged buildings.



Members in the march—A/B. R. H. Wellard, D.S.M. (Foot-soldier), C. B. Mitchell, D.S.M. (Lakemba, N.S.W.). Wellard is carrying the contingent's rations.



TALLEST MAN in contingent, 6ft. 5in. Major Tony Gluth (Adelaide, Vic.), looks at snap of English A.T.S. wife and son of Lieut. J. D. Peck, D.C.M. (Crib Point, Vic.). Major Peck will meet his son for first time in London.



"GOOD-BYE,  
MUM." Sgt. Harry  
Jenner, M.M., says  
good-bye to his  
parents when the  
N.S.W. members  
of the contingent  
left on the first  
stage of the  
journey.



D.C.M. and M.M. winner, Sgt. John Weston (Wirrabara, S.A.), polishes new calf shoes—part of extra issue, which includes dress uniforms, gloves, pyjamas. All uniforms were made from one run in the mill to ensure uniform color.



WEARING six decorations and campaign ribbons, Major Boyd Williams, M.C. (Sydney), says good-bye to his wife, formerly A.A.N.S. Sister Mary Brown (left), and his mother. This is his fourth trip to England.

## Continuing . . . The Golden Conqueror

from page 4

JOHN made a sound of assent. His failure loomed larger with old men like this. They had to leave matters to the young, to him . . . and Robert Bishop. Bishop got three Jap planes before they got him. Bishop gave his own life, not his friend's.

Dr. Carver was saying, ". . . harder on Katherine Bishop than I imagined. This place, you know, is all tied up with him."

The dean asked, "How long ago was Bishop killed?"

"About a year. Not long enough. Katherine's that kind of woman, but you can be too brave. Burn yourself out. There's never been a war when the long haul counted for so much. The long haul," he repeated, "the peace that follows."

John flicked out his cigarette. "Which are the Pleiades?" he asked abruptly.

The woman spoke behind him: "There, over the tennis courts." Her voice had a shallow quality, as if under it were silence. He did not turn at once, but looked where she pointed at the six grouped stars.

"Why, Katherine, bless my heart! What do you know about the Pleiades?" Dr. Carver drew her forward under his arm.

"Bob taught me," she said, in the same bright, shallow voice. "He always said the stars up here were different, and he'd rout me out at four in the morning to look at them."

"I'm afraid that Robert was our last romantic." The old man's hand moved with affection on her shoulder. "I guess this big fellow here is one of your pupils. Hardly seems right, now, does it?"

Under cover of Dr. Carver's laugh, John looked at her. "No," he said, "I don't go in for poetry."

Katherine Bishop looked at him evenly. "Most men don't," she said.

That night he slept badly; and when he wakened her words were his first memory: "Most men don't." With three words she had taken a cool, sure measure of him against the other man. That unknown hero figure blocked him at every turn.

He got up. It was four o'clock. He began at once to cram into his bag what little he had unpacked. First thing in the morning he'd get out of here.

He went to the window. Outside was the tense, waiting stillness of early morning. Faculty House looked tucked in snugly under its four gables. She was asleep there . . . Katherine Bishop. He hadn't escaped a thing, and now he was running again. But why stay and be defeated again by Robert Bishop? The living could hide their scorn, but the dead faced you with one simple fact: "We died."

Movement suddenly caught his eye. The screen door of Faculty House opened silently; someone crossed the porch, came on to the lawn and stopped. The face was slightly raised, as she stood there, but it was the small hands, holding together the woolly coat, that he knew. She crossed to two chairs side by side and sat down in one of them. By the tilt of her head he knew that she was looking at the stars.

Then after a time, John saw her arms slowly relax, stretch, and rest quiet along the arms of the chair. It was as if she accepted something greater than she was.

The first green streaks of light reached above the mountains. He began slowly and rather sheepishly to take things out of his bag.

He did not go to her lectures, but sat on the inn porch and watched

her streaking across the lawn with the fat, black notebooks. Robert Bishop's notebooks. For when she passed, with her quick, sure step, she rebuked him. They did not speak. After four days it was as if they had never spoken, and she became more and more a living reproach to the man he had become.

The rain began on Sunday. It marched down from the mountains and pelted the valley flat. It swept in sheets down the roofs, across the windows. It made a river of the road, and John remembered the deep-cut mountain river. He thought what it must be now, rolling among its boulders.

By Thursday the rain began to taper off, and some of the more

daring got out for a breath of air between showers.

John felt too dull to try even that. He kept to his room and brooded. The course was almost over—he hadn't achieved anything—nothing had come of his attempt to recapture normality.

It was about three-thirty when a knock came at his door.

Miss Meeker stood there, looking vague and distressed. "We were wondering," she said, "if you'd seen Mrs. Bishop."

"No," he said sharply. "Why?"

"Well—she's gone."

At his sides, John's fingers worked.

"Gone where?"

"We don't know, Mr. Harden. That's why I came to ask you. She often goes for a little walk before her two-o'clock class. To-day she didn't come back. We were just afraid she might have gone to Church Glen. It's beyond the river, but she and poor Mr. Bishop so often . . ."

John reached down his raincoat from behind the door.

"Mr. Harden! Where are you going?"

"To find Mrs. Bishop," he said.

The way to Church Glen led past the goldenrod field at the upper edge and into the woods beyond. The sight of that turbulent color drenched, subdued, was one more thing to add to his wretchedness. Even beauty could be dimmed.

The path led up over old roots paddled beneath with moss, skirted boulders.

It was treacherous going. Now he began to hear the swollen, angered rush of mountain water. Church Glen was beyond the river.

He stopped because of what took hold of him. This was not fear for himself, but for someone else. He had not known before that the one devours the other.

Swelled by four days of rain, the river was swift, full; black water foamed up white around the boulders. And then he saw the bridge. It had collapsed in the middle. John pushed one hand through his wet hair. Did he go on? And now?

From across the River someone called. "Well, what have you decided?"

Startled, he peered through the rain and saw no one. Then she stepped away from the tree where she had sought cover.

Relief left him furious. "Whatever are you doing here?" he blazed.

"I only went to Church Glen. The bridge fell in. I—couldn't help it."

He began the slippery descent. Handing himself along from root to rock he came closer to the river. The old, sick trembling took him; strength left his knees. What if he had come this far and failed again? He cast a wild, desperate look across the river. She, too, had come down the bank. They stood on opposite shores, with the useless bridge between them.

She said doubtfully, "I could wade."

Their eyes met, and the pinwheel of fear in him slowed, then stopped. "You stay where you are," he said. "I'll do the wading."

He stepped into the water and pushed slowly out. He slipped once, and plunged into water above his waist, but he caught a boulder and struggled up again.

When he reached the other side his teeth were chattering.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"You should be," he said grimly, and held out his arms.

The return journey was much harder going—keeping a foothold on the slippery rocks, bracing himself against the angry current. Setting his teeth, he pushed on, feeling weakness sweep over him with the burden of her weight.

"Please stop a minute," she said. "and rest. You've been so ill. I know."

He went on more slowly, feeling for every step as if what he carried had great value.

She walked ahead of him on the downpath back. They said nothing. Where the path crossed a clearing they ran for a large oak, and huddled against it. From here on a clear day there would be a view, but now there was only cloud below them.

It gave them a feeling of being on a great height alone.

She said quietly, "I came out for a walk because I wanted to think things out—about you."

"Me?"

"John Harden," she said, "you've got to finish that book."

He felt a lurch of disappointment. His book was it?

She went on, "I know what you've been through, and about the wound you've brought back inside you. Losing an arm or a leg would have been simpler; even losing life, maybe. It was for Rob. That's how he had to do it. But you . . ."

A slow warmth began to fill him. She understood. How did that happen?

". . . you've got to reach behind you, take hold of the half-done job and finish it. Oh, Rob would have admired what you'll be doing, but he never could have done it!"

The warmth possessed him now and it was unreckoned power. He no longer feared nor hated Robert Bishop. He had come after him, but he measured up. She said so . . .

The next day was bright and the world looked washed and clean. When her afternoon class was over, Katherine found John sitting on the wall looking over the goldenrod field.

"It hurts your eyes," she said. "Want to take a walk? Or do you only walk on wet days saving women?"

He smiled and stood up. "I'd like to see where that house was over there. I've been meaning to, and now we're off to-morrow."

"Things always end before you think they will," she said.

The goldenrod was waist high as they dashed through it. The routed bees came tumbling out of the flowers. Their hum spread like a haze over the field.

"Here's the doorway," she called.

When he stood beside her, she said, "It's funny, the things it makes me wonder."

"What?" And he looked at her. "If he brought her home as a bride . . . if he carried her in here."

They were quiet, standing there together.

"Rob always laughed at me when I talked like that . . . Well, come in," she said.

It had been a largish house. The remaining walls stood only one or two feet high, and the fallen stones lay among grass and goldenrod. They sat down side by side and faced the sun.

"This is better than yesterday," she said.

"I liked yesterday."

"And you're going to finish your book?"

"I can now," he said simply. "It will be a beginning, thanks to you."

After a while she rolled over one of the stones with her foot and said, "I think we've all got some loose rock in us somewhere, all the things that didn't come off the way we wanted. You and I aren't the only ones with our private ruins."

"And the goldenrod comes along and covers them."

"Yes," she said softly, looking into her lap. "There comes a time when you know it."

In the coarse grass between them their hands lay near. He looked at them, then he covered her with his own. It lay quite still, rather startled and furtive. When he saw that she was about to speak he said, "Don't talk. Let me believe in this a little longer."

He felt her hand unclench and turn under his hand, and the power of touch moved in it. When she turned to look at him, her eyes held tears. She only nodded, and yet it was enough.

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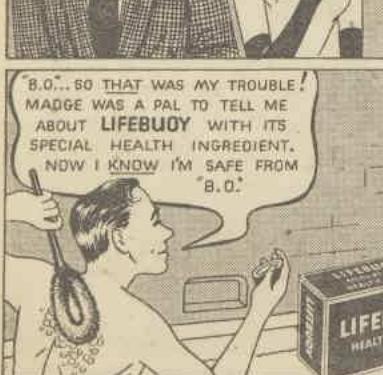
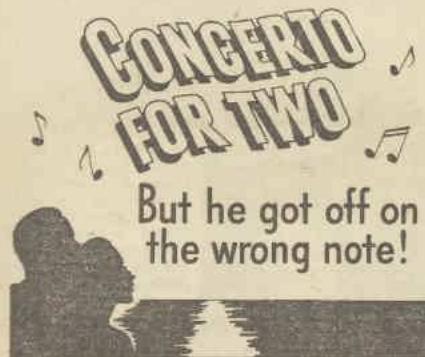
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## Days and Nights

Continued from page 5

PROTSENKO was walking with quick steps back and forth across his own dugout, located next to the ruins of a building.

All that day furious fighting had been taking place on his left flank. Intensity and from experience, it had become clearer and clearer to Protzenko in the course of the day that the hour was not far off for the Germans finally to break through on his left to the Volga.

This would cut him and his division off from everything that was to the south of them, and what was worse of all, from army headquarters.

A half hour ago, his fears had been confirmed. His communications with army headquarters had been cut.

By a curious coincidence, the last thing he had heard, after an endless succession of anxious conversations with the army staff, was the deep, bass voice of Matveyev, member of the military council, who had called him to ask how he was holding out and if everything was in order, then had said: "My congratulations."

"On what?"

"They broadcast to-day on the radio that by a special decree of the government you have been promoted to the rank of major-general. So I congratulate you, Comrade General."

"Thank you," Protzenko had said. "I shall try to be worthy of my new rank."

He had waited, but Matveyev had made no comment.

"I've got everything I need," Protzenko had continued. "Hello . . ." But Matveyev did not answer. "Hello," Protzenko had said a second time, and then a third time. The telephone was dead.

It was essential to send the daily report to Army headquarters. There was now only one method of communication open: across the Volga to the other bank.

and then along that bank to the south and back across the river to army headquarters. He would have to send someone.

At first Protzenko thought of his own adjutant, but he had been all knocked out by a day of running round, and was sleeping on the floor with his head on his overcoat.

Besides, the adjutant was not the man to send at this moment to headquarters. He should send someone who could not only carry the report but who could also find out exactly and definitely what Protzenko was now expected to do. He lifted the telephone and called Babchenko.

"Is everything quiet with you?" he asked.

"Everything's quiet."

"Then send Saburov to me immediately."

While waiting for Saburov's arrival, Protzenko worked over the reports from the regiments, and contrary to his usual custom, drew up a general report in his own handwriting and sent it out to be typed. They were still typing it when Saburov came in.

"How do you do, Alexei Ivanovich?" Protzenko said.

"How do you do, Comrade Colonel?"

"No longer Colonel," Protzenko said. "Now it's General. Didn't you hear the radio to-day?"

"No."

"If you didn't hear it, then I'll have to tell you. I'm a general. They promoted me to-day. And now . . . I called you to take the report to headquarters immediately."

"What do you mean, isn't it working?" Saburov pointed to the telephone.

"No, and it won't again, for quite a while. They've cut it. I'll have to make you my living telephone for tonight."

He picked up a local telephone and called the river dock. "Get a motor-

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FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



boat ready, quickly, or a rowboat, whatever you've got," he said, then turned back to Saburov.

"Well, Alexei Ivanovich, you'll find out only when you cross the river whether or not headquarters is still at the same old place. Then you'll have to cross the river again whenever they're located now. Well, how about it, is the report ready?" he turned and asked a staff officer.

"It's being typed. It will be ready in five minutes."

"Good. So, Alexei Ivanovich," Protzenko said, "you can go soon."

He suddenly smiled and turned to the fragment of mirror which was hanging on the wall.

**F**OR some moments he stood studying his image in the mirror, then turning back to Saburov, he said, "Tell me, Alexei Ivanovich, is a general's uniform going to look all right on me? What do you think?"

"It ought to, Comrade General. It ought to suit you," Saburov said.

"Comrade General," Protzenko smiled. "Look, you say to me, 'Comrade General,' but, you know, you're probably thinking to yourself: 'He's flattered, the old fool, to hear it.' Is that what you're thinking?"

"That's what I was thinking," Saburov smiled, too.

"And you're quite right in thinking it . . . It's pleasant, it is really pleasant. Only it means a heavy responsibility on me now."

Protzenko thought a moment, lit a cigarette, and looked earnestly at Saburov. He was deeply moved.

"General," he said thoughtfully.

"It's a hard rank. And do you know, Saburov, why it's hard? Because to fight not so badly or even pretty well isn't enough now. Now we've got to fight so that later on, for as long a time as possible, we won't have to fight at all. You know, Saburov, I don't believe in saying that this will be the last war in history. We said that in the last war, and before then we said it often.

"You only have to read history. After this war there will still be war, after thirty years, maybe fifty

— But it's in our hands that it shouldn't come quickly, and if it's got to come anyway, that it should be a victorious war. That's what an army is for. Of course, a lot of people are hoping now. Anyone can contradict me who wants to. You, for example, no?"

"I would like to contradict you," Saburov said. "I don't want to think that there can ever again be another war."

"Of course you don't want to," Protzenko said. "I don't want to either. We don't want to think it, but we've got to. We've got to think it, and then, maybe, there won't be one."

The staff officer brought in the report. Protzenko reached in his pocket for his spectacle case, read it attentively, word by word, and signed it.

"Get going," he said. "They'll escort you from here as far as the boat, and from then on it's your worry. Well, all right, on your way."

Saburov picked his way in the

dark to the landing dock. There was no motor-boat; it had been blown up that morning by a mine. A rowboat with four oars slapped its prow quietly on the water.

Two Red Army men sat at the oars. Saburov settled himself at the rudder and they pushed off in silence. The Germans were not shooting, and Saburov found himself thinking of Anya. He thought that if her wound had been slight, she must be quite near here, at the medical base where she worked.

"Probably it was alright," he thought, not because this was logical, but because she had said: "I will come back to see you soon . . ."

The boat grated on the sand, and Saburov leaped ashore and walked off to find out where the crossing was now located which would bring him closest to army headquarters. It turned out they had moved the crossing a kilometre-and-a-half downstream. So he went back to the boat and they rowed along the shore.

At the crossing the boat nosed up to a temporary wooden jetty. The soldiers stayed in the boat, but Saburov shifted to a barge which was just about to cast off for the trip to the right bank. It was loaded with boxes of provisions and entire carcasses of beef and mutton, piled right on the deck.

After a half hour the barge was slowly eased into one of the Stalingrad docks. Saburov learned, to his surprise, that although the crossing had been shifted army headquarters had remained where it was before.

Please turn to page 25

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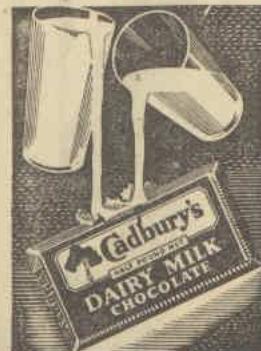


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## Days and Nights

Continued from page 23

**S**ABUROV knew from Protsenko, who had been there two or three times, that headquarters was located in specially excavated galleries along the bank of the river, near a grain elevator which had been burned. He would have to get there on foot from the coasting, a little more than a kilometre from the shore.

As he walked on, machine-gun fire could soon be heard so close that there was no doubt he was within a kilometre of the front line. He had begun to think that someone had misinformed him, and that headquarters must have been moved to some other place.

But when he had come quite close to what was, as far as he could see, the front line, he saw directly in front of him the outline of the burnt elevator on the steep bank of the Volga, and a minute later he ran into a guard standing at the entrance to a tunnel leading into the ground.

"Is this army headquarters?" Saburov asked.

The guard examined Saburov's pass under a flashlight and replied that this was headquarters.

"How does one get to the chief of staff?" Saburov asked quietly.

Behind him he could hear a voice seemed to remember: "Who wants the chief of staff?"

"I do."

"Where are you from?"

"From Protsenko."

"Well, well. That's interesting," said the voice. "Come along."

When they had gone into a tunnel lined with boards, Saburov looked round and saw behind him the same general he had seen on the first night with Protsenko.

"Comrade Commander," Saburov said to him, "may I talk to you?"

"Certainly, right away," the general said. He opened a small plank door and walked in first. Saburov took this as an invitation to follow him and walked in too. Beyond the door was a small room cut into the earth. It was furnished with a couch covered by rumpled oilcloth and a large table.

Saburov reported formally and handed the general the written dispatch given him by Protsenko. The general read it slowly, then looked questioningly at Saburov.

"This means everything with you is quiet."

"Exactly, quiet." "That's fine. It must mean they haven't got enough strength to attack at the same time on all sectors. Have you had heavy losses these last few days?"

"I don't know exactly," Saburov said.

"No, I'm not asking you about the division; the division figures are all written here. How has it been with you in your battalion? You are commanding a battalion, aren't you?"

"Yes, Comrade Commander."

"How many men have you lost?"

"In the last eight days we've lost six killed and twenty wounded, but in the first eight days it was eighty killed and two hundred and two wounded."

"Yes," the general said, "that's a lot. Did you wander round this bank a long time before you found me?"

"No, I found you quickly enough, but still I had begun to wonder. At some hundred yards from the shoot-

ing, I should have thought, you might have changed your command post."

"Yes," said the general, "we almost did. My staff officers had decided to move to-night, but I came back this evening from division headquarters and stopped them. When it's tough the way it is now—remember this, Captain, because right now it's very tough, it would be foolish to deny it—you can't follow the usual rules of good sense and transfer your command post when it seems obviously the thing to do."

The most important thing and the best commonsense in times like this is that the soldiers should feel stability, you understand. And stability grows in people from feeling that things don't change and partly from feeling that places don't change. So as long as I can still command from here, without moving, I shall command from here. You're a young officer and I tell you this so you can do the same in your own battalion. I hope you don't think your restful quiet is going to last for long."

"I don't think so," said Saburov. "Well, don't think it. It won't last. Savelevy!" the general called.

His adjutant appeared at the door.

"Sit down and write out an order for me."

The general quickly dictated a short order which consisted chiefly in telling Protsenko to do everything he could not to let the Germans withdraw any large number of men from his sector. It added a suggestion that he might make several local attacks on his southern flank, where the Germans had broken through to the Volga.

**A**FTER a short, thoughtful pause, the general added, "Write also congratulations on his promotion to the rank of general. That's all; give it to me to sign."

When he dismissed Saburov, the general looked at him with eyes that were ringed with blue from lack of sleep.

"It seems you've known Protsenko for a long time?"

"Almost since the beginning of the war."

"If you want to become a good officer, learn from him. Watch him. You know he's not really what he seems at first glance. He is sly, clever, and stubborn. In a word, he's a Ukrainian. We have a lot of officers who try to look calm, but he's one of those who really are calm. That's why you should learn from him. He has told me about you and that you did well in the first days when you were encircled."

"In conditions like that, the most important thing is to be calm. We'll re-establish communications with you, but water is still water, remember that."

The general stood up and gave his hand to Saburov.

Walking back from headquarters to the dock, Saburov thought it was, after all, a little strange to have found the commanding general in such a good mood.

"Perhaps he knows something we don't know," Saburov thought. "Maybe it's reinforcements, maybe they are preparing something in some other place."

He rejected the idea at once. No, that wasn't it. He understood, suddenly and clearly, the reason for the general's mood: it was simply that the very worst that could happen had already happened. The Germans had broken through to the Volga and cut the army in two. This had been going on for the last few days, and he had not had strength enough to prevent it.

But now, when the worst had already happened, when the Germans had achieved what they had earlier believed would mean the end of the fighting, the army had not admitted it was beaten, but had continued to fight. Headquarters had stayed where it was as if nothing had happened, and into the bargain an officer had arrived from the division which was now cut off and brought the daily report to the commanding general, in spite of everything, at exactly the time when it usually arrived.

Five hours after Saburov had left Protsenko on this mission, he was back again in the same dugout handing the colonel a sheet from a notebook on which the order of the commanding general was written.

"Well, how are things there?" Protsenko asked, after reading the order.

When Saburov told him that headquarters was still at its old location, an approving smile crossed Protsenko's face. It was clear he shared Saburov's feelings; he too was pleased that the staff had stayed where it was. The apparent rashness of such a decision was actually good commonsense which, it would seem, does not always coincide in war with what is logical.

On the road back from Protsenko to his own quarters, Saburov stopped at Babchenko's dugout. They had told him it was division headquarters that Babchenko had telephoned and asked for him. Babchenko was sitting at his table and working on a report.

"Sit down," he said, without raising his head and continuing to work. This was his custom. He never interrupted what he had begun when subordinates summoned by him arrived. He considered this inconsistent with his authority.

Saburov, who was used to this, asked Babchenko cheerfully for permission to go out and smoke. Hardly had he gone out the door when he ran into First-Lieutenant Yeremin, commander of a signal company, who had been fighting with the division since the beginning of the war.

"Hello," Yeremin said to Saburov, shaking his hand firmly. "I'm leaving."

"Where are you going?"

"They have sent me to study."

"Where?"

"In courses at the Academy of Military Communications. Funny, isn't it, to go there from Stalingrad. But an order is an order, so I go. I came in to say good-bye to the lieutenant-colonel."

"Comrade Lieutenant-Colonel," Yeremin said, "excuse the interruption."

"Yes," Babchenko said, still not looking up from his papers.

"I am leaving, Comrade Lieutenant-Colonel."

"When?"

"I am leaving right away. I came in to say good-bye."

"Is your travel order ready?" Babchenko asked, still without looking at Yeremin.

"Yes, here it is," Yeremin handed him a paper.

Babchenko, still without lifting his eyes, signed the paper and handed it back to Yeremin. A silence followed. Yeremin shifted from foot to foot and stood for several minutes in uncertainty.

"Well, yes, that's what it is, I'm going," he said.

"Well, all right, go along."

"I just came in to say good-bye, Comrade Lieutenant-Colonel."

Babchenko raised his eyes at last and said: "Well, all right, I wish you success in your studies," and he gave Yeremin his hand. Yeremin shook it. Somehow he wanted badly to say something more, but Babchenko, after shaking his hand, paid no more attention to him and buried himself again in his papers.

"Good-bye then, Comrade Lieutenant-Colonel," Yeremin said again, hesitantly, looking at Saburov. His look was not so much hurt as upset. He had not really known how he would say good-bye to Babchenko and what his farewell would consist of, but he had not thought it could take place so coldly.

"Good-bye, Comrade Lieutenant-Colonel," he said for the last time and very quietly.

Babchenko was not listening. He

had come to the final revision of what he had been writing and he was carefully drawing a line with a ruler on the paper. Yeremin shuffled his feet for a little longer, then slowly turned to Saburov, after shaking his hand with a special warmth walked out.

Saburov accompanied him through the door and there, in the exit from the dugout, embraced him warmly and kissed him. Then he walked back to Babchenko.

He was still writing the report. With irritation, Saburov looked at his stubbornly lowered face.

Saburov did not understand how the Lieutenant-colonel could feel nothing at this moment, how he could let a man go like this who had fought with him a full year, who had risked his life with him, who had eaten from the same mess tin, who might possibly have saved his life on the battlefield.

He was so conscious of the hurt which Yeremin had just felt that when Babchenko finally talked to him interested in learning at first hand what was going on at headquarters, Saburov answered in an unusually dry, reserved manner.

On his way back to the battalion, Saburov thought that it was a strange thing indeed that they should suddenly lift a man out of Stalingrad in the bitterest days and send him to study at a military school. In spite of what seemed at first glance the futility of this, it was really a part of the general and enormous march of events which nothing could stop now.

To be continued



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# A knife for the Ham

THE great Augustine Hamskin was resting. That, of course, is a polite way of describing an actor out of work—and since his last show had folded some six weeks previously, the celebrated tragedian had been entirely unemployed for exactly forty-two days.

However, if anyone, seeing him tread the crowded footpath, immaculate in pearl-grey, and with a red rose sitting perkily in his buttonhole, had mistaken him for an extremely well-set-up millionaire, they could have been excused. For Augustine Hamskin was not one to take poverty on the chin, and the poorer he got the richer he looked.

He paused outside the foyer of a well-known vaudeville theatre and surveyed the photos of lavishly but scantly clad damsels with distaste. As a legitimate, if hammy, actor, he held vaudeville in contempt. He would not, he reflected profoundly, walk on to a vaudeville stage for—no, not for fifty pounds a minute.

He turned away. "Bah!" he remarked.

An exotic creature in furs wheeled at the sound of his voice, and, gathering herself together, galloped toward him with a shrill squeak.

"Owgoes-teen!" Her effervescence was startling. "Darieng! Ow many years ees eet since I no see you!!"

Realising that he was face to face with a well-remembered piece of his colorful past, this great Hamskin gently disentangled her from his neck, and brushed a mixture of dyed fur and rose petals from his shoulder.

"Ha!" he boomed. "And now is the little Lulu?"

"But non!" She stamped a high-heeled foot. "No longer am I Lulu! I am La Pinelli, ze greatest knife expert in ze world!"

Augustine was taken off balance. "La Pinelli?" he sounded. "Are you related in any fashion to Signor Socrates Pinelli, commonly referred to as the Twelve-Blade Wonder?"

Hamkin beamed. "E and I, we are like—ow you say—partnairs. Ees eet not good? Sometimes 'e trow ze knives, sometimes I trow ze knives, sometimes we both trow ze knives! What you think?"

Hamkin, busy with a mental picture of long-bladed knives flying in all directions, jerked back to courtliness again.

"Very fine!" he boomed. "Extremely fine!"

Hamkin nodded an energetic head. "An' we get top-billing! See!" She pointed to a large placard, on which a moustachioed gentleman was in the act of having his outline traced in carving-knives on a surfboard by a lady in a short, frilled skirt.

"Ze lady, she's me," said Lulu grandly.

Augustine coughed an acknowledgment. "And you're doing well, my dear?" he inquired with the lofty disdain of a man who has fivepence-halfpenny in his pocket. Lulu raised an eyebrow of despair. "Yes, we do well," she affirmed, "but now I am—ow you say—desperate."

"Why?" inquired Hamskin.

"Pinelli an' I—we fight," said Lulu. "We fight over ze profit parcentage. 'E want too much. 'E's so greedy!"

"Bad luck," commiserated the great actor.

"An' now," she continued, "e say 'e weel not do ze act no more." She caught his arm. "E weel not do ze act—we shall be in poverty again!"

Hamkin took out a silk handkerchief and blew his nose. "Most unfortunate," he pronounced. "A dastardly state of affairs!"

Suddenly Lulu's eyes lit up with a new light. "But wait!" she said dramatically. "I have an idea!"

Augustine looked at her with acute suspicion. He knew Lulu of old, and when she had an idea, it generally meant trouble—for someone else.

"You can do eet!" she cried.

Hamkin edged away. "I think I must be off," he said heavily.

"You can be wit' me in my act! I shall trow ze knives around you. You have ze pairfect shape for to trow ze knives aroun' eet."

Augustine raised a protesting hand. "My esteemed Lulu . . ." he began, and then the other hand, feeling round in the vasty emptiness of his money-pocket, stopped him. After all, money was money. Any was better than none.

"My esteemed Lulu," he began again. "As a great favor to an old friend, I might feel disposed to interrupt my rest, and . . ."

"Ha—you are resteeing!" Lulu was radiant. "Zen you must be—ow you say—broke? No?" The great Hamkin winced. "You weel be my partnair, yes—for thirtee shillin's a night?"

Hamkin winced again. "If you were to say

By  
IAN LASRY

two pounds . . ." he started, but she cut him short.

"Eef I were to say again—thirtee shillin's?" she repeated.

"As a great favor," voiced Hamskin regretfully. "I shall do it."

That evening, when he arrived backstage at the Magnificent, curious glances followed him as he made his leisurely way toward the dressing-rooms. Augustine could only attribute it to the vaudevillians' realization of the fact that a great legit was favoring the theatre with his presence, and his progress was therefore punctuated by several courtly bows, which, sad to state, were largely unanswered.

Lulu greeted him eagerly when he knocked on her door. She looked him up and down. "Zero may be joost a leetle trouble wit' eights," she said at length.

Augustine's eyebrows rose in consternation. "Hah—tights?" he gulped.

"Mais ou, ze tights you moost wear," affirmed Lulu vigorously. "Zee theek clotheeng makes difficult ze knife-trowing." She went to a large prop-trunk in the corner, and extracted from it an ancient pair of tights, relieved by half a dozen large and horrible spangles. "Try em on," she commanded briskly.

Augustine swallowed. "Never," he sounded, "never would I be seen on a stage in these abominable garments."

Lulu shrugged. "Zen ze thirtee shillin's eet go to someone else," she commented.

"Ah, no!" The thought was too much for Augustine. "Hand me the tights, dear lady, and turn your back."

There was a series of grunts and muttered imprecations, then a strangled voice said: "You may examine the effect now, my dear Lulu."

La Pinelli turned an eye on the strange figure that stood before her. The effect was shocking. The tights, having been obviously made for someone of the X.O.S. category, large and important parts didn't touch Augustine at all, but hung in unsightly folds about his thin legs. And the impression created by the spangles winking in the light as the great Hamkin moved was one of slightly obscene humor.

Lulu thought quickly. It was now seven-forty-five, and curtain-rise was at eight. Obviously this was no time for toiling about. She turned on a delighted smile.

"But eet ees wonderful!" she exclaimed. "You are magnifique! I weel trow my knives beotiful to-night."

Augustine couldn't make out whether she meant that as a compliment or a threat, so he smiled uncertainly, and removed his hat. "An' now," Lulu said in a voice of triumph. "You weel put zeess on!" She held up a bright orange blouse tied at the neck with a large bow. "Zees you weel also wear," she explained. "It helps me trow my knives good."

Augustine examined the blouse carefully. "The moths have been at it, dear lady," he announced, "for it is full of holes."

"Moths, you say? Ha!" said Lulu. "Zat ees not moths. Zat ees me." "You?"

"Yes, me!" She raised a speculative eyebrow. "You think ze knives always go straight?" A cold shiver ran down the great actor's spine.

It seemed no more than a few minutes later, though an hour had passed, that Augustine found himself listening to Lulu's fevered last-minute instructions.

"When I trow ze knives—don't move!" she urged. "Don't move—not even one little eyebrow. I do not want to make ze mistakes to-night." She said it with such a lack of conviction that for a moment her partner felt like cutting and running for it. But the thought of thirty shillings jingling contentedly in his pocket gave him strength, and he made his way to the wings.

The chorus jiggled its way offstage, and the lights blacked out. This complete darkness was something to which Augustine had never been accustomed. Fearful of falling over something, he stayed still. Suddenly a hand reached out from nowhere and gripped his arm.

"Hey!" said a hoarse whisper. "On stage, you!"

The great Hamkin drew himself up to his full height. "My good man . . ." he began.

Please turn to page 27



Hamkin broke free and bolted for dear life as the Signor raised his knife menacingly.

## NEW YORK ROUND-UP

## Returned men fall in love with housewisely types

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Pin-up and glamor girls are no longer dream dust to the boys, says Harry Conover, famous agent for models.

This year it'll be the sweet, unsophisticated girl who'll ring the wedding-bells, Harry asserts.

He says boys at the war got bored sitting in foxholes and canteens gazing at unrealistic, long-legged beauties pasted on walls.

They wanted to fall in love with the kind of girl they could visualise in the kitchen baking pies and knitting booties.

Therefore, Harry reasons, the trend in models this year will be toward the more rounded types. The type of girl who might be seen on any main street, although, of course, somewhat prettier.

An ex-Army lieutenant has powdered his wife's perambulator with a single-cylinder motor.

He says not only does it make transport for the baby easier, but the steady chugging lulls Snooks to sleep.

A HOME art column-writer comments: "If you've wondered what happened to all those air-tight warden hats, they're turning up as flower-pots, cupidors, ash-trays, and lamp-shades."

CAROLE LANDIS has developed a most unglamorous trick of drinking tea with butter in it. "It tastes like antiseptic," she admits, "but it works."

This greasy drink is no eccentricity—it's been ordered as a medium to ease the attack of laryngitis.

MERCILESSLY, the voice rapped again: "On stage!" and Augustine felt himself propelled irresistibly into the middle of a dark, open space, from which he could see the dim aisle-lights of the theatre.

Then the stage lighting went on in its full brilliance. Augustine found that he was jammed hard against a surfboard of the same type that had graced the horrid illustration in the foyer.

A roar went up from the audience at the sight of him. Augustine, quite involuntarily, took a bow. A renewed roar caused him to amble forward, his O.S. wings flapping, to take another.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Lulu dancing lightly on the stage, a fixed grin on her face. Augustine, in the middle of taking a timid ovation from the hilarious mob, didn't feel disposed to interrupt it for La Pinell, so he moved hesitatingly, waving a generous hand out front.

Lulu danced up to him, clutching a dozen knives.

"Get outgoat!" The words slashed their way out through her grinning lips. "Get out of my limelight, you fool!" Augustine, glancing quickly at the cutlery, did no.

Lulu, at centre-stage, regained her equilibrium. She snatched the knives together and called for members of the audience to come up and test their genuineness. Augustine groaned inwardly. This inactivity, while someone else had the audience's eye and ear, was maddening. He coughed loudly.

Lulu turned her head and made frantic signs that she should include him in the act. She gave him a searing glance, and drew one of the knives across her throat in an ominous gesture. Augustine bit his lip and stayed where he was.

Then the moment he had been trying to forget arrived. Lulu turned and faced him, one knife held in front of her by the tip of its shining blade. The great Hamskin closed his eyes.

Lulu addressed the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said. "But I demonstrate ze trowing of

gits which makes Carole's frequent radio and screen appearances both fearsome and agonising.

Carole says: "The real cure is honey in tea, but if there are no bees around, a cow will do the trick."

Turning to a subject more fitting to her appearance, Carole remarked that no matter how important it might be to protect one's make-up in a picture, a kiss was infinitely better if no punches were pulled.

"When we were making my last picture, 'A Scandal in Paris,' George Sanders kissed me so half-heartedly I kidded him about it, but after that there was improvement."

"I suppose many must wonder how an actress keeps make-up from smearing in love scenes, but if you powder your lipstick very heavily, then wet it at the last minute, it looks natural and stays where it belongs."

CRAZY, colorful fashions planned for men this spring received a jolt from Earl Wilson, "New York Post" columnist.

He tells how he took a "silly season" walk up Fifth Avenue in the company of actor Red Kuller, who wore a bright yellow straw hat—"yellow as a buttercup."

Hundreds of serious people broke into smiles.

But Kuller was mortified when a Brooklyn taxi-driver got rather pointed about the hat and began singing "Cause everybody knows I luuvvvvv you."

AN American girl whose soldier fiance jilted her in favor of an Australian girl wrote him as follows: "Dear Joe—Congratulations on your coming marriage."

"I am returning your engagement ring."

"I am certain it will look very beautiful—in your bride's nose."

"And may all your blessed events be kangaroos."

"Faithfully—the almost Mrs. Joe."

ITEM from a smalltown newspaper in Carolina: "It is with profound regret we scribe reports that Miss Adele Wierling has entered hospital for the removal of a tumor."

THERE has been a remarkable drop in the attendance of women at the races since the new season opened.

Of more than 33,000 persons at Jamaica Track yesterday, only a few hundred were women.

New York sports writers attribute the absence of women to the elimination of daily doubles, which women appeared to favor most because it gave a prospect of a big win for a small outlay.

THE mere man is becoming rare and precious, girls of New York are warned by staff writer Edward Mowery in the "World Telegram."

"Herr," he says, "is the grim news for 3,780,000 beautiful, home-loving, intelligent girls of this city. You outnumber the opposite sex by 110,000."

"Competition is very tough."

"If you've got a man, hang on to him."

A matrimonial agency manager interviewed said the position was so acute he fears he may be forced to commit bigamy to keep his business going.

Things will be better when the rest of the soldiers come back from the war, but it's a grim wait.



VIVIEN LEIGH AS CLEOPATRA. Patient research for months went into the gowns worn in this film. This picture shows the hand-pleated gown of chiffon worn by Cleopatra at her first meeting with Caesar. Only ornaments are lotus flowers of moulded leather on belt.

## A Knife for the Ham

Continued from page 26

a knife, I weel not trow et near ye assistant, but weel joost show et movement."

At the word "assistant," Augustine half-raised a protesting arm. There was a sudden whirr-clunk! And the arm was pinioned by its sleeve to the surfboard.

Lulu bowed to the plaudits of the audience, and faced up to him again. The great tragedian closed his eyes once more. Whirr-clunk! Something firmed his cheek, and the surfboard shuddered like a foundering ship. Augustine felt his knees going.

The crowd rose in acclamation, and Lulu cursed low. Then, her back to him, she bent down and regarded him upside down from between her legs. The next was apparently going to be a trick-shot.

Whirr-clunk! Augustine looked down. One leg of his baggy tights was pinned neatly to the board.

The crowd cheered hoarsely as she faced him again and slipped a black bandage over her eyes. Hamskin regarded her with horror. This was not possible! This was too much! He stopped—for a whirlwind had arrived on the stage.

Augustine recognised the whirlwind's walrus moustache in a flash. Signor Socrates Pinell was not a man you forgot easily. And Signor Socrates Pinell was apparently in a vile humor.

"So!" he cried dramatically. "You abandon-a-mio? You gotta da new parma when my back she's aturned? I teacha you da lesson, bi-bi!" He grabbed the remaining knives, and turned to face Augustine. "You takas da job with my wife!" he hissed. "You takas dees?" He raised a piece of cutlery on high.

"Wait!" Hamskin wrestled frantically to free himself from the surfboard. "Wait! I didn't know she was your . . ."

Whee-ping! A knife hummed through the air and landed on the board with a velocity that Augustine would not have believed possible. It made Lulu's efforts look like slow-motion. Whee-ping! Whee-

ping! Two more knives bit into the wood, tracing a neat outline of the noble Hamskin head. Whee-ping! Whee-ping! Space was made for the ears. Whee-ping! Whee-ping! The shoulder. Whee-ping!

But Augustine could stand it no longer. The diabolical look in Signor Pinell's eye made him wonder feverishly what the Signor would do when he came to the last knife.

Whee-ping! There were only two left now. Augustine strained madly at the board, but being effectively nailed to it, couldn't move. Whee-ping!

Another flash of silver, and Hamskin fell; his hair neatly parted in the middle. Looking up, he noticed the Signor fondly fingering the sole remaining knife and carefully looking along the blade towards a point in the geometric centre of the Hamskin stomach. The Signor's lips were drawn back in a snarl of triumph, and the Signor's eyes were wild. His intentions were only too painfully obvious.



WAVING a predatory hand, Augustine said, "Twas nothing, dear lady. Had you but told me that Signor Pinell was your husband . . . but no matter." He coughed. "Ah—do you happen to have a drop of spirituous forth hand?"

Lulu handed him a glass. "Socrates, I want to apologise," she said. "Ees ver' sorry for what 'e do. Ees not sat so Socrates?"

Signor Pinell rose and came heavily across the room. "I am da fool," he said. "Da prise fool. Ima sorry."

"Nothing, nothing," said Hamskin, waving him away.

"But yes it has something," asserted Socrates definitely. "It is da biggest thing datas happened this side of da Revolution. Da biggest act in vaudeville, datas what we got."

Augustine eyed him. "We?" he said.

"Sure—we," said Signor Pinell. "We joosta do it like we done to-night and we can't go wrong."

The great Hamskin swung himself down on to his feet.

"Never," he said.

"But—a Signor Hamskin . . . began Socrates.

"Boot Oggosteem . . ." began Hamskin.

Hamskin placed the grey bumburg on his head, discarded the remnants of the tights, and patted his trouser-legs into place.

"Never!" he declared. "A tragedian could never become a vaudevillian. It is not for me the tinsel glory of knife-throwing. Besides," he added honestly, "I couldn't stand it."

"Boot se money, Oggosteem?"

"Money?" said Hamskin. "Buh!" He went to the door, got half-way through, and then paused, turned about, and came back. He looked Lulu straight in the eye. "You owe me thirty shillings," he said clearly.

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# Huge price for film rights of new novel

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Ever since the amazing film success of Daphne Du Maurier's story "Rebecca" in 1938, movie barons automatically reach for their cheque books and call in a stenographer when they hear that she has written another novel.

AND to this small, delicately pretty wife of Britain's Airborne Troops Chief, General Boy Browning, daughter of the famous actor Sir Gerald Du Maurier, and mother of



FAIRY author Daphne Du Maurier, who holds the world record price of £100,000 for the film rights of her latest story, "The King's General."

three children, came the winning bid recently for the film rights of her latest book, "The King's General."

It was a cheque for one hundred thousand pounds signed "Alexander Korda."

This cheque breaks the record, as it is the highest ever paid for the film rights of a novel. Margaret Mitchell received only half of this for her permission to screen "Gone With the Wind," and Kathleen Winsor little more than half for "Forever Amber."

Lovely Cornwall will be the setting for "The King's General"—all in technicolor. Daphne will also receive a share of the film profits.

"If it were not for income tax I would be a rich woman," she said. "But to give you an example of how much I really do get—when Paramount paid me thirty thousand for 'Frenchman's Creek,' tax whittled it down to three and a half thousand sterling."

Shortly to make a world premiere at London's Leicester Square is the film of her story, "The Years Between," with Michael Redgrave and Valerie Hobson. Round the corner at the Wyndham Theatre is veteran film star Clive Brook, playing the leading stage role of the same story for the fifth hundredth time.

Daphne hates reading modern novels, and says, "If I were somebody else and had to read 'Rebecca' it would appal me."

While they cast for "The King's

General" and prepare to launch "The Years Between," Two Cities are ready to shoot her "Hungry Hill," with Margaret Lockwood as the star.

Daphne reads history avidly and often snoops about gloomy old houses at night to get the extra atmosphere which brings her books to life.

Although big money means to most pretty women an opportunity to clothe themselves as they have dreamed. In good furs, smart jewelry, and exclusive Paris creations, Daphne's wardrobe is meagre, plain, and serviceable, and she has no interest in a lot of new clothes.

Both she and Lieutenant-General Boy Browning are expert archers. He is typical of Britain's new army high-ups, youthful, intelligent, and clean-cut, with no blimpish affectations. He relaxes about the house in a gaudy sweater and slippers.

When the King inspected General Browning's airborne troops, he became particularly interested in their camouflaged smocks, which the paratroops told him were very comfortable and convenient. Daphne had designed them, for she takes a keen interest in her husband's work.

Eventually she and her husband hope to really settle down in Cornwall, where they will go boating.

To earn these fabulous film cheques, Daphne, now only thirty-nine, works about four hours a day and never waits for some inspiration to settle on her. "It is no good waiting," she says. "You have just got to sit down and write."



INFORMAL PICNIC on location for Universal gives actor Lloyd Bridges a chance to show English actress Patricia Roc an old American custom of roasting frankfurts over an open fire. They will both appear in the technicolor "Canyon Passage."

## Film about old-time serial star tires even Betty Hutton

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Blonde Betty Hutton says she thinks the screen jobs of modern times are easy when compared with those of the old "silent" days.

Betty speaks feelingly, as she is now screening "The Perils of Pauline" for Paramount. It is the story of the old-time serial queen Pearl White and her adventures in picture-making.

EVEN energetic Betty's vitality was strained to breaking point by some of the stunts required while emulating Pearl White. She spent a day slapping and kicking a lion.

"But that is nothing. So far I have hung out of a balloon over Burbank, dangled over a cliff, was tied to some railroad tracks, and climbed a sixty-foot fire ladder," she said.

Old-time actors who actually worked with the first serial queen are playing in this film. They are Creighton Hale, former leading man; Paul Panzer, former villain; William Farnum, Chester Conklin, Snub Pollard, and others.

Betty will receive a barrage of custard pies in her face before the picture is completed, but she still maintains her usual good humor.

### THE BIG SHOT

WARNERS' stereotyped melodrama of the underworld is a confusing piece, built up upon the sordid story of a gangster's rise and fall.

Humphrey Bogart does his best, but rarely manages to be convincing as the gloomy gunman. Irene Manning and Susan Peters are badly handicapped by poorly written roles. —Tater, showing.

### WOMEN AREN'T ANGELS

THERE is nothing subtle in this British Empire production. It comes right out in obvious slapstick, uproarious comedy. Jealous wives, an atrocious evanescence, spies—both pseudo and real—all combine to build up the improbable story.

Robertson Hare, as Mr. Popday, and Alfred Drayton, as Mr. Bandle, work hard at producing laughs. As Frankie, the blonde actress who complicates the lives of Bandle and Popday, Polly Ward is sufficiently luscious. —Victory, showing.

SABU has been having X-rays to determine whether an appendectomy is necessary.

I WATCHED comedienne Joan Davis in a bottle-smashing orgy on the set of Universal's film titled, "She Wrote the Book." Joan was christening a ship, and used up nine champagne bottles before the scene was perfected, but she cheerfully told me not to look so horrified, as the bottles were filled with water.

A VERY valuable music box is used in the Sherlock Holmes drama, "Dressed to Kill." Valued at \$500 dollars, it is shaped like a white rabbit protruding from a large green cabbage. When a tune plays, the bunny pops out, bears a gunwhale, and then ducks back in the cabbage. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce spent hours playing the period toy, until Director Roy Neill asked them to desist, for fear of breaking the spring. "Just grown-up boys," commented Neill.

RED-HAIRED Susan Hayward has definite ideas about bringing up her twin sons, Timothy and Gregory. "My children will not be dressed alike and will have different educations if their talents are different. I do not believe twins should share identical lives. Dana Andrews wanted to give the babies twin hobby horses, but I asked him to make them different presents, as I have always felt sorry for the sameness in other twins' lives."

LARRY PARKS lost eighteen pounds while filming "The Johnson Story" for 120 days consecutively, including Sunday rehearsals. Now Larry is working on two pictures at once, as he has started "Down to Earth," opposite Rita Hayworth, at Columbia.

MARIA MONTEZ is delighted with Tyrone Power's present to her baby of a musical cradle.



GLAMOR GIRL Margaret O'Brien strikes an unusual pose during a change of costume for her new MGM film "Three Wise Fools." The eight-year-old star enjoys amusing fellow players.

I BUMPED into Barry Fitzgerald hurrying over to the set of the Glenn Ford film, "Gallant Journey." Barry told me, "My brother, Arthur Shields, is playing a priest role in the film, and has asked me to come over to Columbia and give him pointers from my experience of playing a priest in 'Going My Way.'

ODD job of the week actress was Sara Swartz, who registered the eight hundred and thirteenth screen of her career in Universal's "Tamer." Sara specialises in blood-curdling yell.

DEFINITE news that Will Rogers jun. will portray his father in Warners' film of the life of Will Rogers. Young Will is practising rope tricks at the local rodeo.

### STATE FAIR

FOX have turned out a good technicolor film in "State Fair," but best feature of it is the 1946 Academy Award hit tune by Hammerstein and Rogers, "It Might As Well Be Spring," sung well by Jeanne Crain.

Many film fans will remember the original Fox version of "State Fair."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 100-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney



*Pink Powders  
make you prettier*

The most romantic colour in the world . . . the cleverest way to achieve the new look of elegance . . . so Elizabeth Arden creates an exquisite new powder for you, ROSE MIST. Wear it to enhance the inherent beauty of your colouring, to give a delicate pearly look that is enchanting, indescribable . . . wear it because it brings to your skin the clear translucence of youth. If your complexion appears toneless, try Lysetta Powder . . . see how it blends away fatigue lines . . . how softly radiant is the effect. Use these powders over one of Elizabeth Arden's tinted foundations to make you look younger, lovelier, more vital, in a new, natural way.

Ardena Powder . . . . .	Rose Mist
Japonica Powder . . . . .	Rose Mist
Lipstick . . . . .	Rose Mist
Cream Rouge . . . . .	Rose Mist

*Elizabeth Arden*

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY



How extra minerals in BIDOMAK build new, rich, red blood cells. Thousands regain health—build new energy, win back health—this quick, sure way. You can, too! Prove it by this money-back, 14 days' test.

#### BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS.

Your blood stream brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues. Contains chemical substances which easily pass to every part of the nerve, bone and tissue. A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including "nerve troubles", weakness, faintness, jitters, irritability, "depressed feeling", brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

#### NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH.

When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium and potassium. Then he added Cetylmyl Copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional

minerals speed up the activity of the others—make them easier still to assimilate.

#### QUICK IMPROVEMENT.

BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. After a few days you will no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed. The whole system is braced up as a natural result of revitalised nerves and arteries, recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

#### HAS MADE ME A DIFFERENT WOMAN.

Northcote South. "BIDOMAK has made me a different woman. After an illness of nine weeks I was completely run down. I was told to get a bottle of your great product. I never regretted it—it is wonderful." (Sgd.) M. O'Brien.

#### NO RISK TEST.

Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 4 days unless you feel stronger still after general all-round improvement—your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day.

3/- AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY"  
For Nerves, Brain and that "Depressed" Feeling



**Bidomak**

What a friend!

If YOU have

INDIGESTION



When food feels like lead on your stomach and after-meal pains take all the pleasure out of eating, you need help. And what a friend in need is the sky-blue canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder. Immediate relief from pain . . . stomach soothed and settled . . . discomfort disappears . . . what a relief!

De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess gastric acidity so quickly that even after one dose you may feel the pain dispersing and your sour, disturbed stomach beginning to settle down. Such speedy relief is a godsend, but De Witt's Antacid Powder does more than ease immediate distress. It soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining, so

that your next meal will not further irritate an upset digestive system. For that reason the prompt help of De Witt's Antacid Powder often prevents simple digestive upsets from developing into chronic dyspepsia.

So, if indigestion's making you turn from the very sight of food . . . if you are always wondering dare I risk it? before eating the things you like . . . surely it's time you turned to De Witt's Antacid Powder for the help you so obviously need? Get the sky-blue tin from your chemist.

**DeWitt's**

ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, price 2/-.

Neutralises Acid  
Soothes the Stomach  
Relieves Pain



## Murder in the Music Hall . . .



1 MYSTERY MESSAGE to ice-skating star Lila (Ralston) makes her leave theatre hurriedly to visit composer Carl (Norris), after his release from five years in gaol.



2 CARL, in unsuccessful attempt to persuade Lila to star in a show for him, plays her his just-finished song. Her refusal brings a blackmail threat from composer

3 BACK at theatre, Lila tells orchestra leader friend Don (Marshall) that she left her purse at Carl's flat.

4 MEMBERS of Lila's company, including understudy Grace (Rutherford), read later of Carl's murder.

5 WITH Don's help, Lila tries to solve murder, and she questions some of Carl's old acquaintances.

### Skating Star In Mystery Film

CONTINENTAL ice-skater Vera Hruba Ralston has a dramatic role in Republic's thriller with a theatrical background. The star appears in several elaborate skating sequences during the story of a mystery killing. Miss Ralston was champion of her native city, Prague, and runner-up to Sonja Henie in the 1936 Olympics. Before the Nazi invasion she went to America. In support are William Marshall, formerly of the U.S. Air Corps, Nancy Kelly, Ann Rutherford, and Helen Walker, all of whom have had extensive stage experience.



6 DURING DISCUSSION of crime when Lila is accused, a voice is heard in next room singing Carl's unpublished song. Killer is discovered and confesses to being present in Carl's flat while he played his new song to Lila.

**British Chief**

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC  
THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

### MOTHER CRAFT A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.1.

## PARIS MODELS

Sketched by Rene

Mahieu Royer

• ROSE VALOIS pastel blue felt with a forward tilt and a high flying violet-blue coq mount.

Rose Valois

• LEGROUX makes his bulky felt in this year's most popular color, yellow. Wear it with all black and all shades of brown.



Legroux

• MARTHE designed this high, wide, and handsome bonnet in lush green felt and combined icing sugar pink velvet for a band and bow.



Marthe

• And this is LEGROUX'S luxurious red silk damask turban piled high and bulky on the head, and trailing a black ostrich feather down one side. If you copy it, have your gloves made to match.

Legroux

• Orange, the newest color note to wear with black. ROYER uses orange brim and pompons for a black, bloused-top hat.

Legroux

• Turquoise is another color right to the forefront again, and this LEGROUX bonnet is perfect for the one bright color note to go with grey, very dark brown, and especially black.







COLOR PLAYS an important role in the charm of this flat. Living-room and bedroom face west, so due consideration was given to aspect. Soft grey-green felt covers floor to combat heat and glare, while subtle reds and dash of yellow give a cheery uplift to sunless mornings.



KITCHEN faces the cold, dark south, so a color scheme of warm reds in curtains and walls gives a cheerful effect against the cream walls. Well-made cupboards for china and kitchenware surround the room.



## DON'T

DO NOT needlessly expose your skin to weather extremes, as burning sun, sudden cold, or dusty, withering winds.



NEVER be too tired or so rushed that you must hurry through your good looks routine. Be thorough always; results are worth it all.

### The skin game

By CAROLYN EARLE

DO NOT allow drying out of the skin, whether the cause be aridness of climate, wind or cold, or the effect of drying cosmetics.



USE a protective, suitable makeup base against weather extremes of any sort, be it drying wind or cold or burning sun.



HANDLE your skin firmly but gently; remember, absolutely no dragging, roughness, or irritating friction . . . don't rub or scrub.

## DO



USE only the purest cosmetic preparations; shop round for just the right type and then learn to use them correctly.



DO NOT scrub your skin haphazardly, or use too strong soaps or astringents, or allow pores to clog up with soap or cream film.



DO NOT eat all the cakes, pastries, and sweets that come your way. Remember, a balanced diet can be awfully good for you.



FAITHFULLY follow your routine of cleansing, stimulation, and preservation, night and morning.



BE SURE your diet includes all elements necessary for radiant health, including plenty of fruit, vegetables, milk, fats.

## HOME-MADE DECORATION

By NORA S. McDougall

Part one of a pictorial story showing how two people furnished a three-roomed flat at little cost.

NOT so very long ago, a young couple secured a small, unfurnished flat, comprising kitchen, bedroom, and living-dining-room.

On surveying their new domain they were appalled at the sight of the kitchen, with its meagre amenities, its ugly, begrimed walls flaunting a green dado.

Something must be done before furniture could enter the doors, so they bought paint and brushes and shopped for furniture, but prices for furniture in relation to quality dismayed them.

Then they hit upon an idea.

They saw no reason why they could not make the necessary pieces themselves, although neither had had any experience in cabinet-making. While her husband constructed the furniture, the wife was planning her color schemes and was busy with the curtains, bed covers, and painting the walls of the kitchen.

And so, in a few weeks, they had constructed a set of interior furnishings which have given them pleasure and interest in the making, to say nothing of the boost to their ego of accomplishment.

Next week I will show you more pictures along with the floor plan and give costs of furnishing this flat.



Registered Trade Mark

TRADE MARK

The green lotion in the round bottle with the orange label is the original Olive Oil Lotion.



TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY



Why does she  
always  
excite admiration?

BECAUSE Health and Cheerfulness make her beautiful. Her entrance into a room is as if another candle had been lighted.

Her secret, if you would know it, is BILE BEANS. She takes two every night at bedtime. They work while you sleep—regulating the system and gently assisting in the elimination of all harmful waste.

Take a tip from her! Ask your Chemist or Store for a bottle of Bile Beans. 1/3 or 3/-.

## BILE BEANS

What  
will Peter say?

"My dear, I want your absolute support."

"My support?"

"Oh, absolutely; positively. You know, darling, I've been using Creme Charmosan for my skin."

"I know. It has made you lovely."

"Precious. Well, I was down town to-day. So many people told me how young I looked; how pretty I had become, with SUCH sweet charm, that I rather lost my head."

"Your head? Good heavens!"

"Oh, only in a manner of speaking. I bought these. O, the coupons I spent . . . AND the money. Now what will Peter say?"

And with one grand sweep she revealed the frocks, in their gorgeous colourings.

And the hats? I'd swear they'd turn your head.

Understand, please, what Creme Charmosan is. It is a skin cream. A skin youthifier. It takes age out of the skin. Puts back youth . . . charm and sweet enchantment.



EVAN WILLIAMS  
shampoo keeps  
the hair young.



*Costs little*

By our Food and Cookery Expert

• The most memorable food is not necessarily the most expensive food... simple and nourishing dishes—carefully planned, deliciously cooked, and attractively served—need cost but little, yet look superb.

**W**HETHER the budget be large or small, food is still the biggest item on the list. Careful planning and some ingenuity are needed to produce interesting meals on a limited budget.

Inexpensive cuts of meat and the cheaper vegetables enter the luxury class by careful choice of flavorings, clever use of sauces, a touch of imagination in serving, and a spirit of adventure in trying new combinations.

Food long missing are gradually reappearing on the market, giving a freshened interest to meal planning and encouragement to the new home-maker... try them as they come—don't be afraid to experiment.

The dishes illustrated, and others like them, will give a lift to your menus and help to spin out the meat ration, too.

#### DEVILLED SWISS STEAK

One and a half pounds round steak, fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 level teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 sliced onion, 1 carrot, 1½ cups water, 1 cup tomato juice (or pulp of ripe tomatoes), 1 dessertspoon Worcester sauce.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces, rub well with flour, mustard, salt, and brown sugar mixed together. Brown lightly in hot fat. Remove, add balance of flour and brown. Stir in water, tomato juice, or pulp and Worcester sauce. Place meat in casserole dish, add liquid, cover and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1 to 1½ hours. Add sliced onion and carrot, correct seasoning. Cook a further 45 to 50 minutes. Pour to six servings.

#### DOUBLE-CRUST KIDNEY AND BACON PIE

One ox kidney (or 6 sheep's kidneys), 1lb. bacon, 1½ cups water, salt, pepper, pinch of herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon flour, 12oz. shortcrust pastry.

Soak kidney ½ hour in salted water, remove skin, cut in cubes. Toss well

in seasoned flour, place in saucepan and sprinkle with balance of flour. Add chopped bacon, herbs, onion, salt, pepper, lemon juice, and water. Stir until boiling, reduce heat and simmer gently until tender, 1 to 1½ hours; cool before using.

Roll out pastry and line an 8in. tart-plate, reserving sufficient pastry to cover top. Fill with meat mixture which has been allowed to become cold. Brush edge of pastry with milk, cover with remainder of pastry, pressing edges well together. Slit top to allow steam to escape, brush with milk. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes—reducing heat after first 10 minutes. Pour to six servings.

#### SOUTHERN SAVORY PIE

Two cups diced cold meat (lamb or beef), 1 grated carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon celery salt, pinch of herbs, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1½ cups water, 1 cup mashed pumpkin, 1 cup mashed sweet potato, knob of butter, grate of nutmeg.

Combine meat, carrot, onion, salt, and herbs. Blend flour with some of the water, add to meat mixture with balance of water. Bring to boil and simmer 5 minutes. Turn into a greased pie-dish. Mix hot mashed pumpkin and sweet potato, beat smooth with butter and nutmeg. Spread over meat mixture in casserole. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven until thoroughly heated and browned on top. Pour four.

#### SPANISH MINCEMEAT—CREAMED ONION TOPPING

One and a half pounds minced steak, 2 cups water (or stock), 1 cup diced celery, 1 carrot, 1 medium-sized potato, 1 teaspoon herbs (or fresh mint, parsley, and thyme), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1lb. onions, 1½ cups medium thickness white sauce, chopped capsicum or parsley.

Combine steak, celery, grated car-

rot and grated potato, herbs, salt, chutney, and lemon rind. Add water, cover tightly and simmer over very low heat 1 to 1½ hours.

Cook onions whole in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain and place on top of meat mixture in oven-proof dish. Coat with sauce and place in moderate oven until thoroughly heated. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with chopped capsicum or parsley and ringed with fried bread cubes. Pour to six servings.

#### SEASONED LAMB CHOPLETS

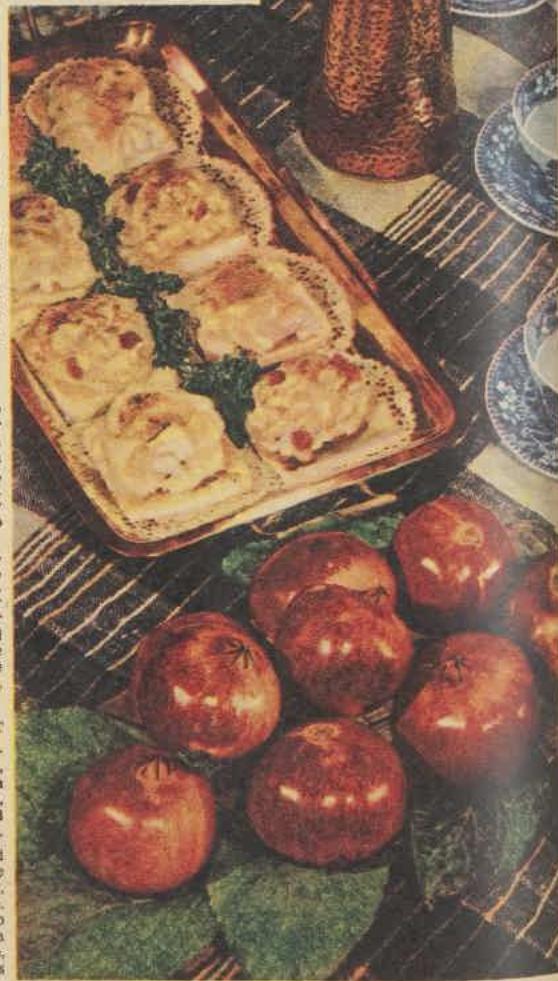
Six lamb chump chops, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon butter or fat, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon fresh herbs (mint, parsley, thyme), pinch nutmeg, little grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped pineapple (may be omitted), little egg or milk to bind.

Trim chops and match in pairs. Combine ingredients for seasoning, spread on one chop of each pair. Place second chop on top and skewer or tie securely. Bake 2 to 1 hour in a moderate oven, cooking baked vegetables with the meat for the last 30 or 40 minutes. Remove skewers and serve with mint sauce. Pour to six servings.

#### CHEESED SPAGHETTI ON TOAST

One and a half cups cooked spaghetti or macaroni (short lengths), 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 firm tomato, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, breadcrumbs, squares of toast.

Drain spaghetti or macaroni thoroughly and combine with the white sauce. Add salt, pepper, onion, cheese, and chopped tomato. Reheat thoroughly and pile on to hot toast squares. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated cheese, place under griller a few minutes to brown crumbs and soften cheese. Dust with paprika or finely chopped parsley. Serve very hot. Pour to six servings.



PIPING HOT and full of flavor—cheesed spaghetti and tomato on hot toast—just right for that light luncheon or the informal supper-party round the fire in wintertime.

ONGER WEAR AND  
SMOOTHER WRITING  
PLATINUM  
SUPPLIES ARE  
STEADILY IMPROVING  
FIXED PRICE 7s  
GOLDEN  
Platinum  
FOUNTAIN PENS  
MADE IN ENGLAND

EYES BRIGHT

IT'S BACK AGAIN - THAT EYES BRIGHT.  
EYES BRIGHT LOOK.  
HIS SHAGGY EYEBROWS INTO LINE.

Two Glamorous Shades...  
BLACK and BROWN  
Smooth-working Impression

THE ONLY EYESHADOW  
MADE IN ENGLAND  
KATHRYN KING  
EYEBROW PENCIL

SCRATCHING  
ONLY MAKES  
ECZEMA WORSE

If you suffer from Eczema or other skin complaints, scratching only makes the condition worse. It increases the swelling, makes the lesions return more severely, and can cause serious skin disorders. DOAN'S OINTMENT goes to work 24 hours a day by relieving the pain and itching, protecting inflamed skin, and preventing and combating infection. For these reasons DOAN'S OINTMENT is an excellent remedy for relieving pain and fighting infection in minor burns, cuts, sores, scalds, burns and chapping. Play safe - keep it on.

DOAN'S OINTMENT  
Your medicine chest at all times  
and successfully for over 40 years

Staisweet  
protects you against all  
risk of offending

Staisweet  
gives you confidence  
and natural charm

Staisweet  
The Deodorant Cream  
You can trust!

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 27, 1946



FOR CHILLY EVENINGS a piping hot ginger crumb pudding. Use your favorite recipe—forget the eggs and use 2 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs to every 1lb. flour. Result will please you.

## CAKES... and puddings

• Chocolate - flavored cakes and puddings—easy to make and delicious — head the prize - list this week.

THE first prizewinner, Seville chocolate pudding, has a tangy marmalade flavor—very refreshing to the palate after a baked meat main dish.

Chocolate is gradually becoming more plentiful . . . the dark, unsweetened type gives best results in cakes and puddings.

For a more economical sweet, substitute cocoa for chocolate.

### SEVILLE CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Two ounces butter or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. grated chocolate, 1 pint milk, 6oz. fine white breadcrumbs, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons marmalade.

Cream butter or margarine and sugar, add vanilla and egg-yolks, beat well. Dissolve grated chocolate in slightly warmed milk. Pour on to crumbs and allow to stand a few minutes. Stir crumb mixture into creamed butter and sugar, and lastly fold in egg-whites—beaten stiffly with pinch of salt. Grease a pudding basin, spread marmalade on the bottom. Pour in mixture, cover with greased paper, and steam 11 to 2 hours. Turn out and serve with marmalade sauce.

Marmalade Sauce: Simmer 2 tablespoons marmalade with 1 cup water and 1 tablespoon sugar for 10 minutes. Add 1½ teaspoons cornflour blended with a little water. Stir until boiling and simmer 5 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Wilson, Tweed St., Southport, Qld.

KENTISH CAKE  
Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons coconut (may be omitted), 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 eggs, ½ cup sultanas, 1 cup chopped nuts and cherries, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla or almond essence.

Cream margarine or butter and sugar, add essence and beaten eggs. Blend cocoa smoothly with the milk and add to creamed mixture. Fold in coconut and fruit. Lastly add sifted self-raising flour. Turn into a greased bar-tin, or 5-inch cake-tin, and bake 1 hour in a moderate oven (350deg. F.). When cold coat with chocolate icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Clarke, 119 Hotham St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

### ORANGE CARAMEL PUDDING

Two ounces sugar, 2½ cups fine white breadcrumbs, 1oz. margarine or butter, 1 cup hot milk, grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 1 egg.

Combine sugar and breadcrumbs. Melt margarine or butter in hot milk and pour over breadcrumbs. Set to the above address.



HEAVY iron frying-pans have their uses . . . Ida Lupino, 20th Century-Fox star, uses hers often for meat, fish, pancakes, and johnny-cakes. Bring your old one out and try using it again.

aside for 10 minutes. Add orange rind and juice to beaten egg, and fold into breadcrumb mixture. Pour into greased pie-dish and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350deg. F.). Sprinkle top thickly with sugar and caramelise under red-hot griller.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Fitzgerald, 17 Lucas Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE  
Three-quarters cup sugar, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 egg, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup boiling water, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and cocoa. Add beaten egg, milk, and vanilla. Stir in sifted flour and lastly fold in the boiling water.

Pour in two greased 7-inch sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.), 20 to 25 minutes. Do not open oven door for at least 10 minutes. When cold, sandwich with mock cream or marmalade filling.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Clarke, 368 Springvale Rd., Forest Hill, Vic.

### Preparing for winter

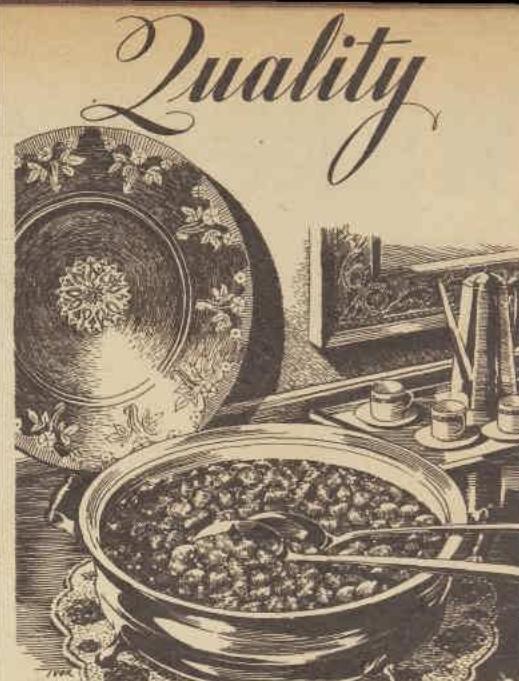
By SISTER MARY JACOB

WITH the days getting shorter and colder, adjustments must be made in diet, clothing, exercise, and the daily routine of your babes and toddlers.

The time for the daily sunbath must be changed, more "fuel" foods given, and sufficient outdoor exercise assured.

Clothing and cot-clothes have also to be adapted to the colder weather.

A leaflet dealing with these winter adjustments can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.



There's no substitute for Tom Piper quality in food. For instance, the savoury, flavoury goodness of Tom Piper Baked Beans. Rich in nourishing meat juices and baked to a turn, they're tempting always.

**Tom  
Piper**  
BAKED BEANS



## Ankles Swollen, Backache,

## Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling put out—have Broken Heart, or suffer from Disease, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy, and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the cause.

Wrong foods and drinks worry, colds, or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys. As this may function poorly, you need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

### Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical test and in actual practice that a quick and masterly way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically

prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily, saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back. Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, more active, better in every way, or your money back if you return the package. Act now! New in 2 sizes—4½, 8½.

This is a GUARANTEED Treatment for Kidneys. Bladder, Rheumatism

**Cystex**

Page 35

# Make it Yourself

An advertisement designed to be shown to husbands and husbands-to-be.



*...that's the way to overcome restrictions and shortages!*



**There's a thrill and satisfaction in carpentering with Masonite.**

The job looks good and is good. Masonite takes any type of colour finish — and takes it perfectly. The smooth "satin" surface is a delight to the eye — and a delight to live with because it will not mark or dent with ordinary wear and tear.

Masonite is, in every sense, "The Wonder Board of 1000 Uses". It's the most versatile board ever evolved. Don't "manage without" the furniture and fittings you so badly need. Make them yourself with satin-smooth, steel-strong Masonite hard boards!

MAIL THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEAREST MASONITE OFFICE

Please send me booklet giving full particulars of your new ranges of Masonite tools.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

If yours is the kind of man who can use a saw and drive a nail, you'd better start telling him tactfully about Masonite. He doesn't have to be a carpentering genius to start building those fittings, cupboards, tables, cabinets — even a bedroom suite — if he uses Masonite. Masonite is delightfully easy to work with ordinary carpenters' tools, despite its amazing durability. It comes in just the right thicknesses and in large 12ft. by 4ft. sheets. Masonite is grainless — and it doesn't splinter, or split. It's easily cut to any required size or shape. In brief, Masonite is the perfect board for the husband who wants to produce a "professional" job although he lacks professional skill.

There are three types of Masonite — *Preswood*, for general interior use; *Tempered Preswood*, a super tough board for table tops, skirtings, flooring etc. and *Tempertile* which is Tempered Preswood pressed into four inch squares for "tiling" kitchens, bathrooms and laundries.

Although Masonite is still a little difficult to obtain in large quantities, it's very much worth while seeing the nearest stockist.

**PRESWOOD...**

**TEMPERED PRESWOOD... TEMPRTILE**

**TOOLS... specially designed for working MASONITE**

Although MASONITE can be worked quite easily with ordinary tools, we've produced a range of special tools for the man who wants to do a really super job. They're not expensive. Each is constructed to enable the amateur carpenter, as well as the tradesman, to put the "professional touch" into his handling of Masonite. Ask your nearest Masonite distributor or stockist for details.



or mail the coupon from this advertisement and we'll send you the full facts.



MASONITE CORPORATION (Australia) LTD.  
Southern Sales Division—529 Collins St., Melbourne. Northern Sales Division—369 Pitt St., Sydney.